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**FRESH** JUNE 28  
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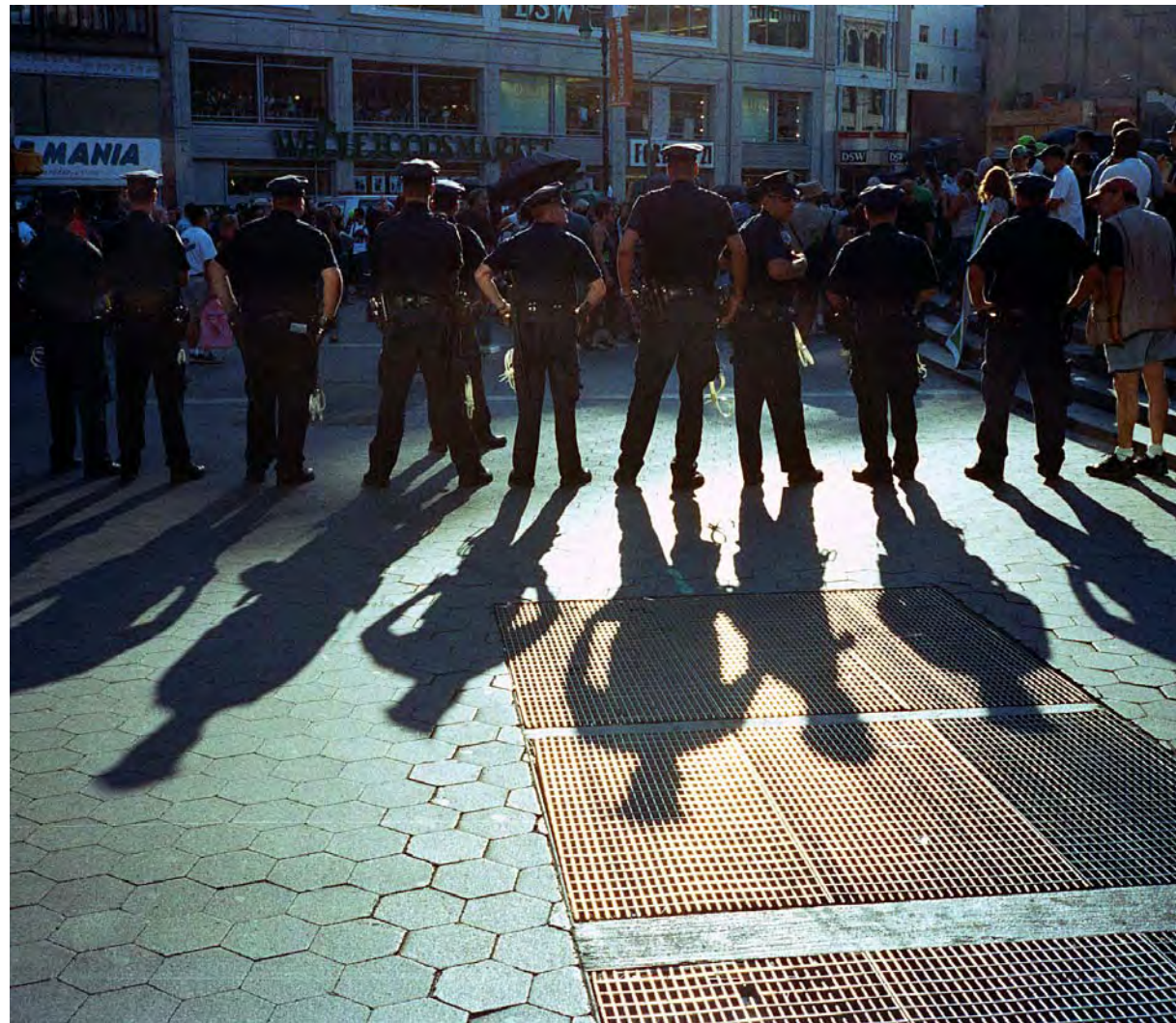
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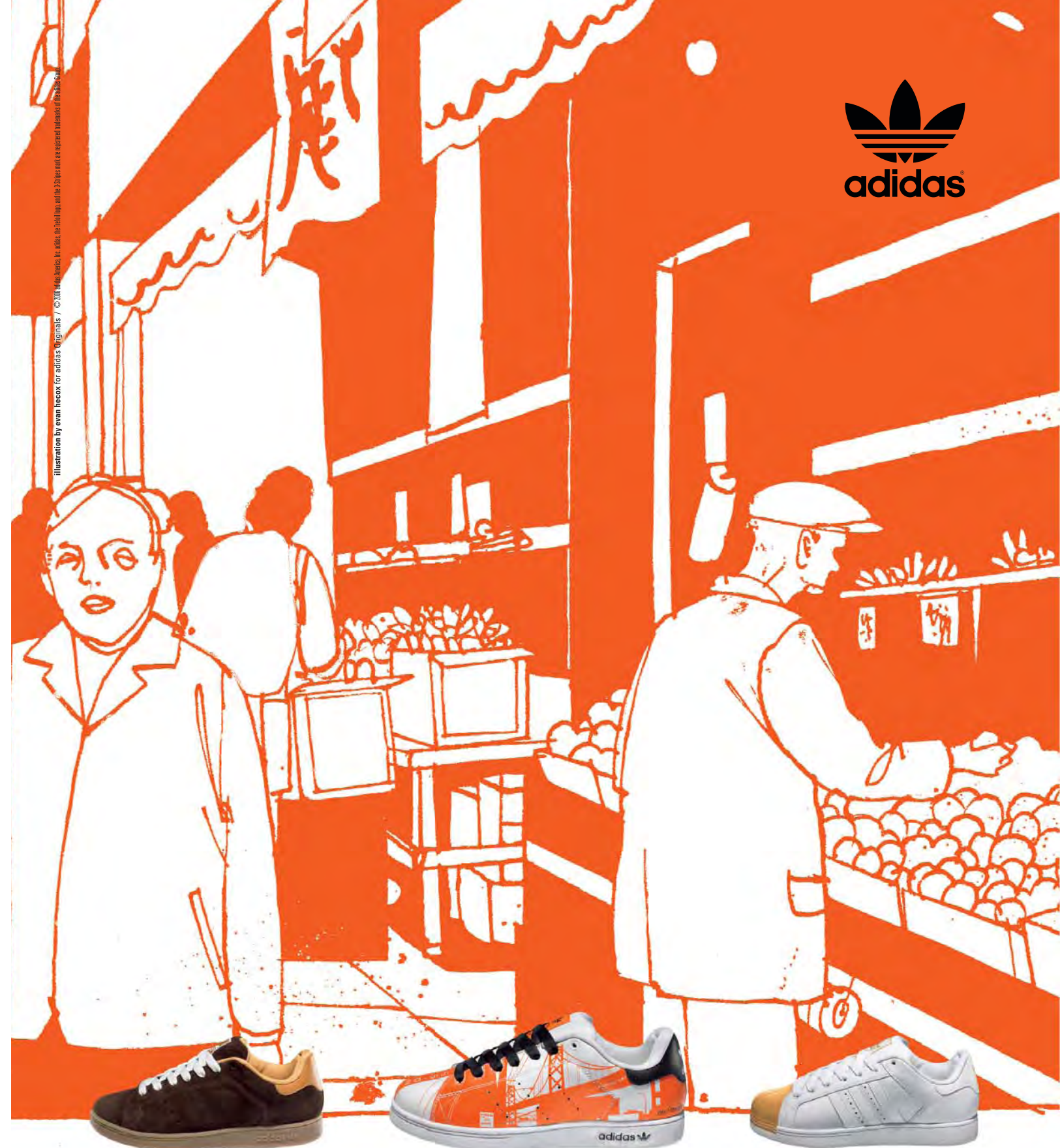




Photo by Todd Fisher

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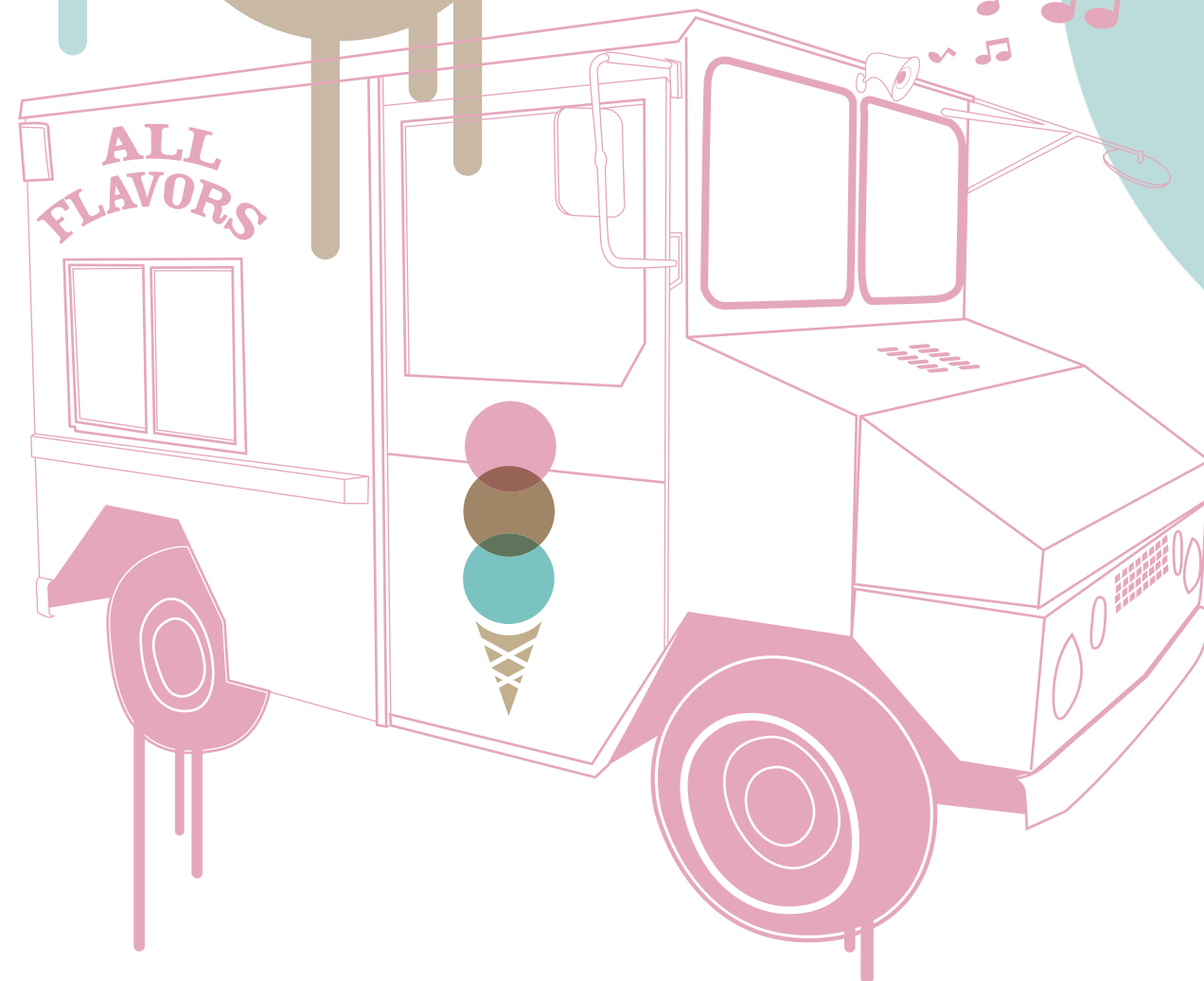
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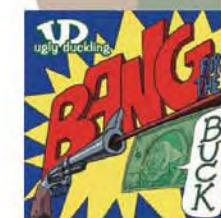
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## GOD SAVE RUSSIA

Dear *Vice*,

I just have to say that reading the Russian Issue really reinforced my belief that even if your motives aren't the most altruistic, the outcome is still powerful. Regardless of why *Vice* does the things it does and uses the method it uses, the fact is that you infallibly provide unbiased coverage of your subjects. Rarely do I care about

the fate of humanity but Russians really do get a raw fuckin' deal. Their government is unabashedly the most corrupt on earth and puts the Bush fuckheads to shame, and yet it seems like a lot of Russians still manage to keep a smile on their face.

It's sad the amount of vodka those people put back, but I'm sure that I'd need something stronger than beer, too, if I was in that shit. Hopefully one thing that the Russian issue will help remedy is good ol' North American self-pity. It's hard to feel sorry for yourself when you can open a magazine and see young people in another country making the best of abject poverty.

Thanks, *Vice*.

MOWEY

Via email

## RUSSIAN RETARD

Hi,

Wow, I haven't looked at *Vice* for a long time, but this issue was blatant and full on. I'm an immigrant from the former USSR; I live in Melbourne now. There are SO many things wrong with most of the shit you guys put in this issue! Not a single nice thing to be said for the whole place? Only some crap about the girls?! Come on, be a bit more creative!

Apart from all the bullshit, it was piss funny—especially the part about swearing! Ah, brings me back to my childhood!

LEON

From viceland.com

Maybe you're thinking of a different Russia? Is there a Russia on the moon in a biosphere full of palm trees and warm, lazy rivers? Because, except for you, the consensus of the rest of the entire human race is that the Russia on Earth is HELL.

## BUZZKILL

Dear *Vice*,

I suggest the author of "Whores on Wheels" read a book called *The Natashas*. It's an investigative look at how girls from European countries are kidnapped, sold into slavery, and forced into prostitution against their will.

Before you think about how great it might be to go to one of these places and pay a girl to do whatever you want her to, why don't you first consider that these girls are only putting on a smile and performing because they might be beaten or even killed if they misbehave? Any of these girls could easily be your sister; these girls are someone's daughters. Their parents might have no idea if their daughter is dead or alive. Probably many of them hope their daughters are dead, because that's easier to deal with than the reality of what happens when they are sold as slaves/prostitutes.

It's fucking sick that you would even consider promoting something as disgusting and misogynistic as this. Way to sink to a new low, *Vice*.

K

From viceland.com

Yes, that's right. Simply by speaking to prostitutes you are promoting sexual slavery. God never invented a thing called "satire." It was all a dream.

## SIGNED, CONCERNED IN FLORIDA

Dear *Vice*,

I discovered this website on the cover of a Nike "throw out" which my 11-year-old son, an enthusiastic skateboard novice, caught at a local, small-town skateboard contest. My husband and I were upset enough at the content of the "Photo Special" booklet, and the fact that a link to your website was presented to a child escalates my anger. Shame on you for exposing children to your profanity and offensive material.

NAME WITHHELD

Vero Beach, FL

How gay is that? Wishing "shame" on someone. Is there a more flaccid insult in the world? "For shame!" Oooh, someone wished shame on me. Waaaah, I can't wash it off. I've been shamed.

## GUN NUT

*Vice*,

[Re: Your Russia Issue,] The AK-47 is a piece of junk. Have you ever fired an AK-47, Mark? I suspect you've never even held one in your tiny, soft, girlish hands, right? The AK-47, when fired in full-automatic mode, has a bad habit of pulling up and to the right like crazy, so hitting your intended target can be tough. Also, the 7.62mm ammo is VERY HEAVY when carried in any quantity approaching a full combat load. Suffice it to say you can carry a lot more 5.56mm ammo and still carry all the other stuff you need to survive on a modern battlefield. Lastly, the U.S. and NATO army infantryman is trained to keep his weapon clean at all times, whereas your run of the mill third-world soldier (hooligan) has limited marksmanship and small arms training, so there's a lot of "spraying and praying" in a firefight. Give me an M-16 A2 every time and I'll show you how to hit your intended target at 300+ meters... Every time.

655321

From viceland.com

Isn't it sad how there's a cabal of boring assholes for *everything*?



DON'T: How is it you can just look at a girl and know she's a dumb bitch that thinks astrology is real?

## D.I.Y.

Hey,

You guys forgot to give the female DON'T doll orange skin. I did not notice at first but looking at her next to the freakishly hued trashy trio on page 79 of the Food Issue, it seems like a no-brainer. She definitely needs weird fake tan skin to be complete.

TERRY RAU

Via email

Shit, that's a good point. We had something like that in the works but somewhere down the line, sending notes back and forth to China, it got lost. Fuck.

## PETER THE CONFUSED

*Vice*,

Are you guys allergic to research? Peter the Great was fucking awesome. I wrote a ten-page report on him in my history class. Peter the Great > *Vice*. SERIOUSLY. And if he was in a toy boat

# A new film from Larry Clark, the director of KIDS and BULLY.

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"Larry Clark directs a film with both a raw and realistic look at the everyday life of teenagers in South Central who bond through punk rock and skateboarding."

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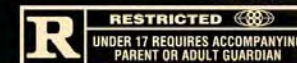
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VICE MAIL

it was ONLY BECAUSE HE BUILT BOATS HABITUALLY YOU IDIOTS! IT WAS HIS FRICKING HOBBY! Thanks for proving again why *Vice* doesn't get laid, is a bunch of losers who will go extinct as a subculture very soon, and are complete idiots.

PS: Those guys who tried to bomb the statue obviously WERE terrorists.

Do you idiots even realize that Peter the Great single-handedly turned Russia from a farmer country into the world power where it stays (relatively) to this day? That he was literally 6'10"? And a shitload more that is a waste of time for me to explain to you illiterates; they don't call him great for nothing, mouse brains.

ANONYMOUS

From viceland.com

It's funny how the only source of knowledge people have is something they were forced to learn in school. Dude, we were saying the **STATUE** of him sucks.



**Black**  
This game expertly proves on the fortresses of all devoted gamers. No, we don't specifically want to be black-as-guns with some clothes and guns from the same and old. It's about the equipment in the clothes, man. It's about the lifestyle of running around and not being seen and getting away with shooting people, shooting things, and chasing stuff. In other words, Black is the best game of ever getting lost in the world. To be a shadowy secret wing of a thing. Sorry, it's a bit hard. Black is one of those games that everyone has been waiting for. Like you would see the poster at the store, the one with the gun of bullets and the title, and you just want, "yes, yes, yes. That is exactly my vice." The rest of Black is necessary to what it feels like to play it. You are a lone fighter' well, but also a misanthropic super genius, and you come through the world and everything.

## ONE WAY TO PASS TIME

To Colonel Sanders,

You said "someone should kill me for writing this." At least we agree on one thing. Why? Because you have no fucking clue about video games and it's obvious in your writing. No, someone shouldn't literally kill you, but if someone did, it would be pretty

funny. If only because you said the fantasy of First Person Shooter players is to be a shadowy wisp of a thing! HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!! Get an Xbox and play *Halo 2* or *Splinter Cell* online and tell that to the guys you play against. You will quickly learn that the people who play these games aren't nerds at all; they are badassess who would kill you in real life if you fucked with them and are just trying to burn some time pretending to kill people. They're people who could join the army and bomb the shit out of terrorists, or who maybe just got back from the army. Red-blooded Americans. Go back to Canada you fucking homo.

ANONYMOUS

From viceland.com

## CYBER JOCK

Vice,

People who play Halo are shadowy wisps. Kind of like JJ Reddick who is a level 20 right? Don't worry, I don't expect you to know who that is. You're a homo, and homos don't follow sports.

Hey Vice, how does it feel to be the lowest rung of society, written and followed by human waste for the rest of us to laugh at?

ANONYMOUS

From viceland.com

"People who play video games are badassess." That would make a hilarious t-shirt.

Send correspondence to [vice@viceland.com](mailto:vice@viceland.com) (include city and state/province) or to Vice Magazine, 97 North 10th Street, Suite 202, Brooklyn, NY 11211. Letters are edited for length.

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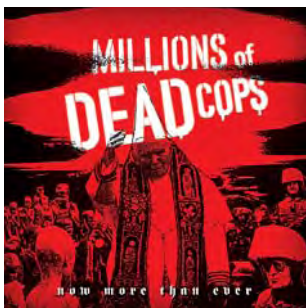
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## MDC Grow Up

In 1982, they released the song "Dead Cops." You know the one: "Big, bad, and blue/ They're in the Klan, too/ Brutality is their sport/ We'll put 'em to the torch." Their newest album *Magnus Dominus Corpus* features "Let's Kill All the Cops" which suggests, "Let's kill all the cops and throw 'em in bags/ Set it on fire on a pile of rags!" So is it still the same hate 24 years later?

**Vice:** Do you still hate cops? We heart cops.

**Dave Dictor:** I don't have as visceral a feeling as before, but I don't "heart" cops. Hating the guys who carry billy clubs and keep the peace only gets me so far. I can accept that cops do a dirty and dangerous job. That doesn't mean I'm not still a very pissed off individual. There's still a lot of stuff to be pissed off about.

Especially today. Maybe the name should be changed to Millions of Dead Republicans.

**I hear you watch *The Shield*.** Can you believe they killed off Lem? *The Shield* was good because the cops had character. They were ambiguous anti-heroes. Sure Lem was corrupt, but by killing him off they've painted the whole team with the same brush. I don't know if I can watch that show anymore.

KEB HEINZ



Photos by the author

## Down at the Police Auction

At the ass-bottom of Red Hook, Brooklyn, is a dead-end maintenance facility in a giant blue steel warehouse. It's called Erie Basin, and it's owned by the cops. This is where they hold New York City's police auctions, selling off cars that they impounded from drug dealers and other assorted assholes.

The head cop auctioneer, who looks a lot like Christopher Guest, shouts, "This isn't Sotheby's," before adding, "Don't fan yourself with your bid cards, or you'll be going home with a car you don't want." If you win an auction, you pay for the car immediately and drive it away that day.

*Vice* stopped by the auction recently and asked a couple people how they did...



**Name:** Marcus

**Age:** 27

**What did you get?** I bought a 2003 Intrepid for around \$800.

**What are you going to do with it?** Fix it up and drive it myself. Or maybe sell it.

**Is this your first auction?** Out here, yeah. But back home in Chicago, I go all the time. My father owns a new and used car lot in Indiana. It's called Partners in Cars.

**What's your favorite kind of car?** Lexus, no doubt.



**Name:** Quin

**Age:** 31

**What did you get?** A Lexus RX 300, for \$6,100. It's for my wife.

**Aren't you worried that it has a busted odometer?** It's not really busted. The ignition was popped, that's all.

**Are you good at fixing cars?** Hmm. Maybe just a little bit.

JEFF JOHNSON

## Law and Order: India

We were just in Bihar, India, and we thought we'd pop into the local police station and say, "Howzit goin'?" to the crew there...



**Inspector Sanjeev Chauhan**  
**Vice:** What are the main crimes that

you deal with?

**Sanjeev:** We have rapes. There are murders. Roadside accidents. Burglaries are there. Thefts. Most of the cases are scuffles between two people—quarreling. We had 320 last year and 90 this year.

**What do you think it is like to be a police officer in New York?**

I do not have any idea how a police officer acts in New York. I think as far as I have heard, in New York there are different departments: Traffic, Highway, Crime. Here all the work is done by us.



**Preshant Singh**  
**What do you do here?**  
**Preshant:** I write the daily

diary—what officers are where, what happened. Everything is in this diary. I also write down complaints and assign officers to go and see to them.

**How many officers are there on patrol daily?** Thirty.

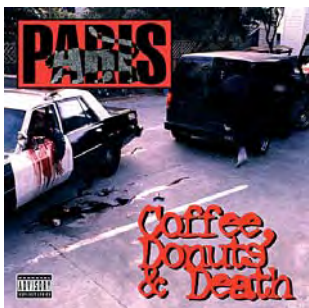
**How many complaints come in daily?** Ten or eleven.

**What do you think it is like to be a police officer in New York?** Maybe they deal more with





# TOP O' THE MORNIN' BOYO!



## Paris Unrepentant

For the last 15 years, Paris has been relentlessly shitting on the po-po. He just re-issued his entire (brilliant) discography on his own Guerilla Funk imprint, which also serves as the hub for militants The Coup and dead prez.

**Vice:** Do you feel the same about the police as you did a decade ago?

**Paris:** It's a bit different, because I don't live where I used to. I have no one-on-one involvement with police, aside from the odd speeding ticket. But I've seen enough people get their asses whooped and I've been the victim of police misconduct myself. I've been drawn down and told to kiss the dirt three or four times.

**Do tell...**

Well, it happened at photo shoots for record covers. This was on property that I own, with fake police cars and actors, but still the police came deep. I was like, "Hey, motherfucker, this is private property."

**Like the cover of *Coffee, Donuts & Death*, where you have a cop bleeding out of his car. What's up with that?** That imagery is intended to make people redirect their aggression at the people who oppress us.

MACHO

Go to [guerillafunk.com](http://guerillafunk.com) and get down with the program, comrade.



Jay (left) and Jerry on *Arrested Development*.

## Copywood

We bumped into Jay Johnston on the set of Sarah Silverman's new show where he's playing, you guessed it, a cop. Wait, you didn't guess it? Who's Jay Johnston? He's that eight-foot-tall gorilla who always played a cop on *Mr. Show* and has since become Hollywood's favorite cop actor.

**Vice:** What's it like playing a cop on the *Sarah Silverman Show*?

**Jay Johnston:** We just did this scene where I'm talking to a prostitute in the background as Sarah walks by and they told me to just make up random dialogue so I go, "... Well, it's really like an AIDS quilt, but it has pictures of your family on it." I think they're going to use it. Can you believe that?

**How does it compare to when you were a gay cop on *Arrested Development*?**

The weird thing about that was the guy I was acting with, Jerry Minor, kept teasing me for acting gay. I'm like, "What do you think we're getting paid for, Jerry?" Like if you were digging a ditch with a guy and he just sat there leaning on his shovel shaking his head at you. Fucking guy.

**What about when you were a space cop in *Men in Black II*?**

The director was this guy who used to do stand-up, and he kept doing his bits for everyone there

and they would laugh and everything, but it seemed kind of forced. I mean, they're his employees, right? Oh yeah, a great awkward moment was when he was strangling Will Smith as a joke and you could tell Will was not into it at all. I had to look away.

**Or when you were a cop in *Hollywood Palms*?**

I was supposed to arrest Judge Rheinhold, and I came in too early and then fucked up my lines and he snapped at me. Then when we reshot it and I did arrest him, he thought I was being too rough and he goes, "What is your PROBLEM?"

**How did that compare to arresting Henry Rollins in *Desperate But Not Serious*?**

Henry acquiesced quite nicely. I got the feeling he'd done this before.

**Why are you always a cop? Is it because everyone in Hollywood is so short they see you as a giant authority figure?**

Yeah, maybe. I have a friend here who's taller than me and he always gets cast as a Klingon.

**Why is everyone in Hollywood so short?**

I don't know. Maybe it's because they're Jewish?

GUY SUAVE

## Law and Order: India

violent crimes. We don't have a database here, so it can be a little bit more complicated.



**Kehar Singh**  
What are your top three crimes?

**Kehar:** Number one is accident, two is illegal wine, and three is fighting and quarreling.

**Do you carry weapons?**

Only a stick. Then, pistols and revolvers when we need them. Otherwise they are kept in the evidence room.

**What do you think it would be like to be an officer in New York?**

It's a job. If I am officer in New York, I will do my job there also.



**Ashok Parmar**  
What have you been working on?

**Ashok:** The most recent case I dealt with was a land dispute. Two people had a disagreement. I mediated and they reached a compromise.

**What do you think it is like to be a New York City cop?**

It would be better to work there, because there are high-tech methods to help with solving things.



**Pawna**  
What's your job?

**Pawna:** I help in keeping records.

There are warrants issued against certain people involved in criminal cases. I fill them out.



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# TOP O' THE MORNIN' BOYO!



## Black Lips Murder Fridge!

We used to drive to South Carolina to buy moonshine from the Gullah people. They're these West Africans that escaped slavery because they had a resistance to malaria and could live out in the marshlands where the whites couldn't go. They still speak their own language and sell moonshine for about \$30 a gallon.

We were having a moonshine party at our old place, Die Slaughterhouse, and the refrigerator broke, so we threw it down the stairs into the backyard and started beating the shit out of it with bats.

Thirty minutes later, ten cops ran up through the woods with their guns pulled and kicked down our fence yelling, "Where are the fucking guns?!" They thought from the sound that we were firing off shotguns, and we're all standing there with our shirts off trying to explain that we were just beating the hell out of our old fridge.

So they handcuffed one of our friends to the fence and started



Photo by Liz Cowie

going through the house. Then, right when we finally convinced them we had no guns, they got a call for a homicide and all took off back into the woods. One had to run back to uncuff our friend, and was like, "Don't make any more fucking noise!" then ran off to catch up with his buds. They were just like these bumbling rednecks. And it turned out they weren't regular cops—they were Red Dogs,

which is supposed to be like Atlanta's elite urban crime unit.

To top that off, we *did* have guns in the house.

### THE BLACK LIPS

*The Black Lips are the closest thing at present to a Vice house band. They play really good Sonics-style garage with tints of Satanic Majesty-era Stones psychiness and do it without coming across like 60s nerds. They also piss in each other's mouths onstage, which led to them being banned for life from NY's Mercury Lounge this February.*

## Nuts About Guns

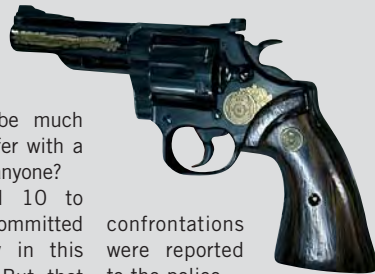
Skaters hate cops because you can't ride in public parks. Graffiti writers rag on the fuzz because you can't tag a building with them patrolling every block. My problem with police is much more reasonable. I can't stand them because they are for gun control.

Part of their job is to protect my constitutional rights and allow me the personal protection of a firearm, but they think I'm too reckless to defend myself. Here's the dirty secret: You're a better shot than they are. In study after study, cops prove to be more inaccurate with a sidearm than a man defending his home. And they're also using way too much gun.

Strap a 9mm smokewagon to your belt and you feel tough. Fire off a few rounds with the recoil

stomping on your wrist like a bronco and suddenly you're that firearm's bitch. A cop would likely be much more accurate and safer with a smaller caliber. .22s, anyone?

There are around 10 to 15,000 homicides committed with a gun annually in this country. Sad, really. But that number becomes negligible when you factor in the nearly two million defensive "get the fuck away from me you psycho" uses of a firearm. That's right. Guns prevent death. Want a stats lesson? There is roughly one protective use of a firearm every 13 seconds in America. In about 84 percent of the instances, the attacker either threatened to or used force, which disproves the myth that having a gun available wouldn't make a difference. And here's my favorite: 64 percent of these



confrontations were reported to the police.

But these stats make little difference to cops and the anti-gun lobby. Sound science is not good enough evidence. And blame that on politics. Your average beat-walking cop cares about gun rights about as much as he cares about enforcing jaywalking laws, but for his boss, the police chief, it's all about stature. As a political appointee, the chief has to toe the line, and in New York City it's all about "Make love, not self defense."

WILL SNYDER

## Law and Order: India

**How many warrants did you fill out today?**

Three.

**What were they for?**

One was for an accident. A motorbike hit a pedestrian. One was for a theft. Valuable jewelry was stolen. And one was a fight—it was a land dispute. Many times we see land disputes.

**What do you think it would be like to do this job in New York?**

Probably the same. Everywhere you go it is the same. All humans are the same.



**Adnesh Guleria**

**Vice: What are your duties?**

**Adnesh:** To maintain law

and order.

**Yeah, yeah. But what did you do today?**

There was a public fair and I was assigned to maintain order. It was me and my two assistants. There was no trouble.

**What was the last time you saw trouble?**

There was an accident. A truck and a motorcycle collided and there was a death.

**What are the crimes you see most often here?**

There is illegal liquor. They make it in their houses. It's made of jagury, a bi-product of sugar. I have not tried it.

**Do you swear?**

Yes, I am pretty sure. There is one made of rice also.

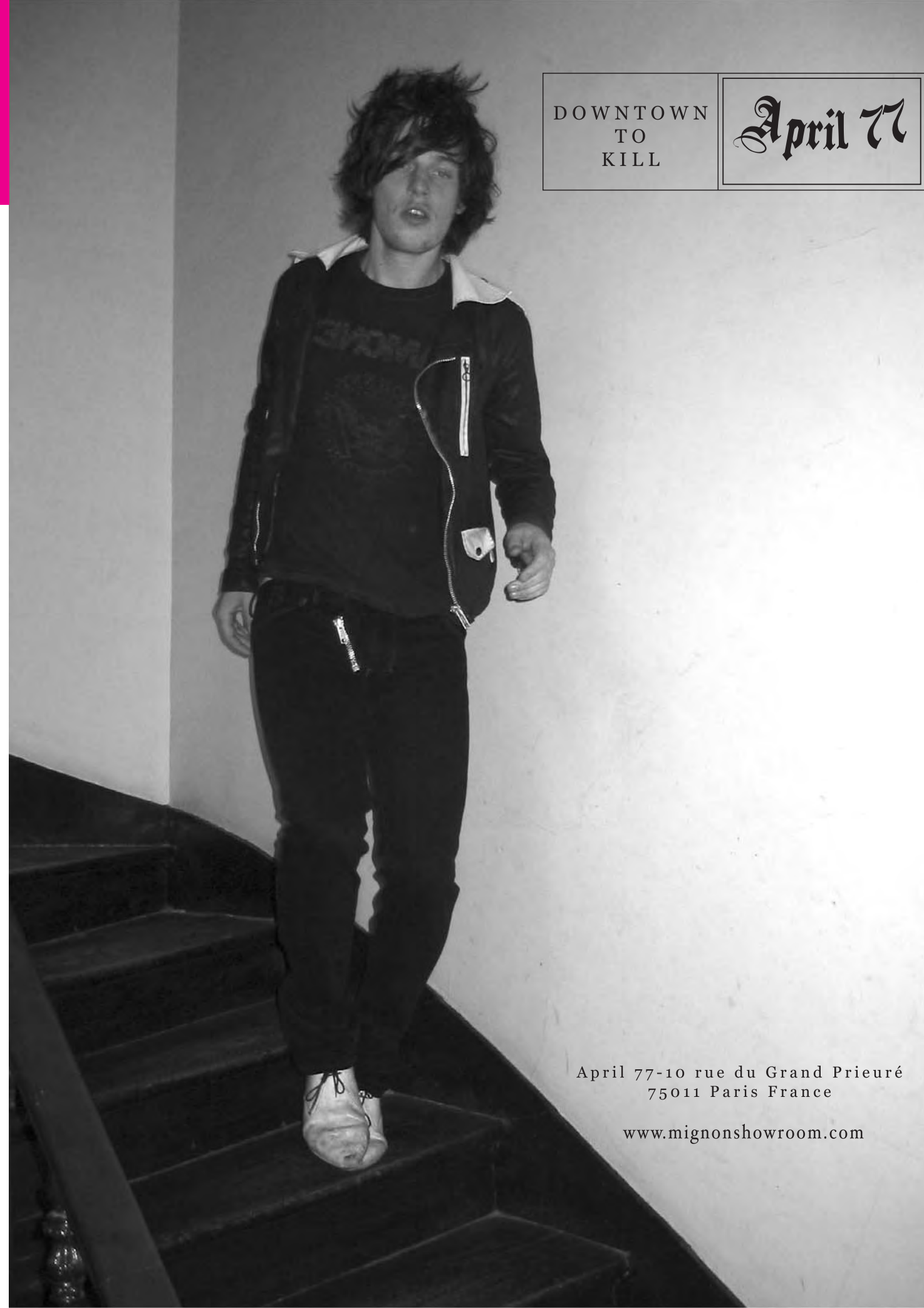
**What do you think it is like to be a police officer in New York?**

I think it is probably organized differently. I think there is more violent crime there.

AMIE BARRODALE

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# "I AM A COP"



Photo by Duncan Brown

I AM A STREET COP. I'M THE GUY THAT STRAPS ON A BULLET resistant (we never say "bulletproof") vest and gun belt every day. I am the guy in the uniform driving the car that says NYPD on the side. I am the guy that comes when you call 911. I am there after you have been robbed, when you come back to where you parked your car and it is gone, when you had a fight with your wife or kid, when you drive after having only "two beers, I swear to God." I am there when you die alone and the neighbors call because of the bad smell. I am there when they pull the dead body out of the car wreck, or when someone decides to put more holes in the human body than it was designed for. I am there when they find dead children, crime victims or not, and their faces haunt me long after other people cluck over the headlines in the newspaper and say, "What a shame." I am there when someone beats up his girlfriend or wife for the 20th time. I am the guy who puts the cuffs on him as the victim curses me for taking away her "baby daddy." Every day I deal with the homeless, the drug-addicted, the crazy, the pimps, the prostitutes, the hustlers, the drug dealers, and the victims. If I do a good job, I get nothing but maybe a pat on the back from a co-worker. If I make a mistake—even an honest one—I will get vilified in the press, my name and picture there for everyone to see.

I work in a fairly busy north Manhattan precinct. Most of the time I am in uniform ("in the bag," as we say). I work mostly in a marked car. It is my job to be proactive—not just responding to radio calls but also actively looking for street crime, be it narcotics, robbery, burglary or just illegal vending or drinking on the street.

That's most of every workday—driving around looking for the above. The rest is spent drinking coffee, making fun of co-workers, and falling victim to practical jokes.

**Vice: Can we ask you something that's really been bothering us?**  
**Leo Fearpini:** Oh. Sure, go right ahead.

**Where do you guys shit?**

Good question. Whenever possible, we get back to the precinct house. Sometimes we just can't. A guy I work with was once stuck with his partner at a crime scene in a city park. There are no bathrooms in the park, so, after trying to tough it out for a few minutes, he ended up shitting in the woods just like a bear.

**Man, that would make a great photo.**

One time we were coming back from an assignment out of borough. We were stuck in traffic. My buddy had to take a shit and he was giving us constant updates on his distress level. Finally, we get back to the precinct and we decide to lock the door of the car so he can't get out. We were laughing our asses off until he pulled out his baton and said, "Open this fuckin' door now or I'm breaking the window out and you can explain to the Lieutenant." We open the door and he runs like a shot to the first floor bathroom, which, of course, is occupied. Up the stairs he goes, knocking people over until he finds an available bathroom. Thirty minutes later he emerges and tells us he's not feeling well and that he's leaving early. He never admitted it, but I'm pretty sure he went home without any underwear.

**You got any more good stories?**

Are you fucking kidding me? Cops have nothing BUT stories...

OFFICER LEO FEARPINI AND VICE STAFF



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# IN THE BAG

What Are Cops Wearing?

“THE BAG” IS NYPD SLANG FOR THE FULL UNIFORM. If your bag is in perfectly pressed, crispy condition, you’re probably a pussy. Real cops wear busted-out uniforms as a sign of experience and pride.

Let’s go head to toe...



Uniform and equipment courtesy of Blue Knight Police Equipment of Queens.

**8-point hat:** This is the blue cap with black ribbon and visor. It was devised in homage to the original copper NYPD badges, which were in the shape of an eight-pointed star. (Those badges were discontinued in 1857, so this is not much more than a symbolic tie-in that nobody but history nerds care about) Officers are required to wear their hat at all times on patrol, unless they are in a police vehicle. They cost \$28.

**Hat Device:** This attaches to the front of the hat with a little screw-in knob. It’s got the Seal of New York on top of the officer’s badge number. A common prank older cops play on rookies is taking the kid’s hat when he isn’t looking and popping the head off the little Indian on the right of the seal (on the left is a settler guy). The oblivious rookie then gets busted at the next uniform inspection and has to go buy another device for \$15. Thanks a lot, pops!

**Grooming:** Hair cannot reach the collar (this goes for guys and gals). Well-trimmed sideburns are allowed to the tip of the ear, and a well-trimmed mustache is allowed so long as it doesn’t droop beneath the corners of the mouth (Sliks and Hasids get a break on this). Otherwise, cops have to be clean-shaven. Our hirsute model here isn’t a real cop, or he would have been fired years ago. (Oh, and PS: Ladies can have ponytails.)

**Turtleneck:** The turtlenecks were authorized to be worn underneath the regular shirt in lieu of a tie just last year. They’ve got the officer’s division embroidered on the collar and above an embroidered patch on the left breast. They’re supposed to be worn above the bullet resistant vest, but officers in outlying, more crime-fixated precincts often wear them under, which is obviously much easier and more badass-looking.

**Collar Brass:** These brass pins indicate the officer’s precinct. They slide into a special hole in the collar of the shirt exactly one inch from each edge. They’re \$5 - \$10 each, which puts a tiny little sting into the threat of a transfer. We picked the 69th Precinct for this because we are hilarious. The 69th is actually in Canarsie, and we hope they make full joke-use of their number.

**Patches:** Patches are sewn onto the shirts by police supply stores so that they can be sold only to NYPD officers. It’s illegal to sell patches or clothing with fixed patches to civilians. Patrol officers add a patch with a diagonal blue stripe, called a “hash mark,” for each five years of service just above the cuff on the left sleeve. Chevron rank patches for sergeants and above go under the NYPD patch on the left sleeve. (But don’t forget, the higher ranks wear white shirts.)

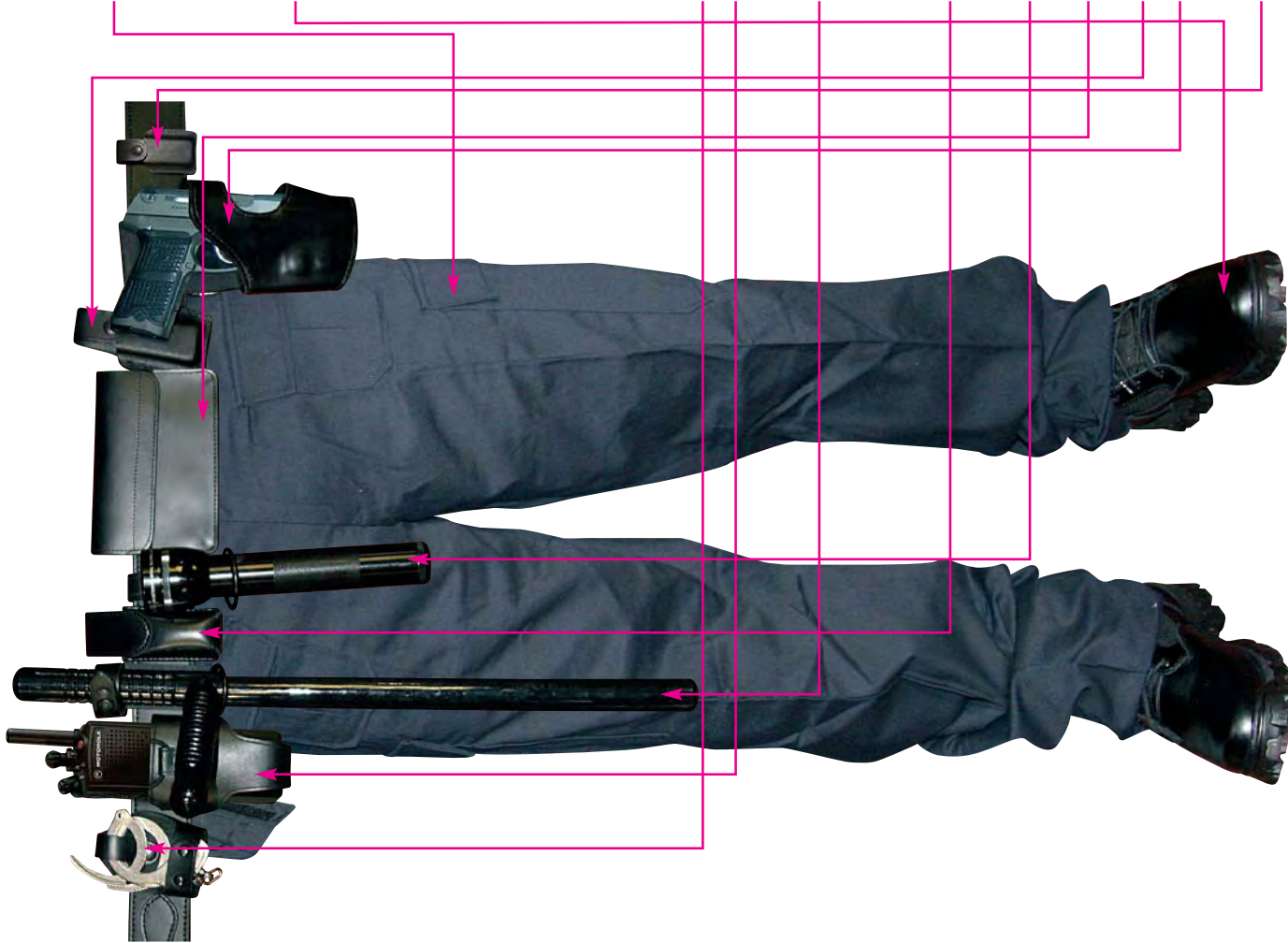
**Pockets:** The shirt pockets actually close by Velcro, which makes them easy to open. The buttons are a psych-out.

**Shirts:** In 1995, the Department switched their regulation shirts from cotton to Dupont Coomax performance fiber for better breathing. It gets fucking stifling out there on the streets wearing the full NYPD bag. Officers are not allowed to roll up their sleeves when on duty, and are only supposed to switch into short-sleeve shirts between June and October. Cops typically keep five or six shirts in rotation. Long sleeve shirts are \$28 each, short sleeves \$26.

**Duty Jacket:** The nylon duty jacket with Thinsulate lining replaced the black leather duty jacket in the early 90s. They’ve got one of those thin nylon hoods that zip up into the collar and two little buttonholes on the left breast for the badge. The big manufacturer of these guys is Spiewak, though there are obviously some cheaper imitations out there. The Spiewaks are about \$160.

**Shield:** (Not visible) The officer’s shield has two little nubs, which lock into a little rectangular plate with his nametag and service ribbons then go through button-holes in the shirt above the left breast pocket. You secure it by running this really big silver safety-pin-looking thing through each of the nubs.

**Necktie:** (Not pictured) In 1995, the city switched from clashing black four-in-hand ties to matching navy blue. All NYPD ties are clip-ons, which makes it easier on the men and keeps them from becoming nooses for bad guys to use to strangle cops. Officers have to wear them with the regulation long-sleeve shirt, but not with the short-sleeve like they did back in the 50s. They are \$8.



**Cargo pants:** Officers started wearing donated cargo pants right after 9-11, and they were made part of the official uniform in 2003. They’re officially called “Patrol Tactical Pants.” The front pockets hold latex gloves, and the leg and back pockets were designed for summons books and any other non-gun belt crap a cop wants to carry. After realizing the flaps on the back pockets couldn’t close over the summons book and just got in the way, they attached them to the outside of the pocket, so now they’re strictly decorative. These are way more popular than the old pants, which officers only buy one set of these days (for ceremonies, parades, and funerals).

**Boots:** Black ten-inch leather and mesh hiking/combat boots. These are a thousand times more comfortable than they look. They also give you a good extra inch and a half of height and go for around \$115.

## Belted-Up—All Around a Cop’s Waist

The gun belt is worn over a regular belt. It’s attached with four (by regulation) leather (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) snaps known as belt keepers. This prevents the gun belt from riding up or down or side to side and also prevents the “wild west” look, where the gun hangs down one’s thigh. While that looks really cool, it’s not conducive to police work.

Depending on the type of gun an officer carries, a gun belt weighs between six and ten pounds. Cops report that it takes some getting used to. One officer told us, “I remember as a rookie getting a sore spot on my right hip where the gun lay against it. Eventually, you get used to it. Now I look for chairs without arms (the gun catches on arms), and move over in a car so that the gun hangs off the edge (if you are in the passenger seat), or in the crack in the middle by the console (if you are driving).”

Here’s what’s hanging on the belt, from (the officer’s) right to left...

**Handcuffs:** Always in a regulation black leather case.

**Radio:** NYPD cops on patrol typically carry a Motorola XTS-5000 or Vertex VX-520. Some radio nerds (yes, there is such a thing) think it’s really funny to tie up the frequency yelling things like “Pigs!” and “This is the voice of God.”

**Baton:** This hangs directly below a cop’s left hand (or, if he is a lefty, his right hand). NYPD officers carry plastic 24" side handle batons, which are often miscalled “nightsticks.” The NYPD is in the process of switching over to an expandable metal baton, but until they get the training for it, a lot of cops are sticking with the side handle. You can even still find some cops carrying the old school wooden nightstick. It just means that they graduated from the academy a long time ago.

**Pepper Spray:** Often mistakenly referred to as mace. Mace is a chemical compound; pepper spray is just that—pepper in a liquid carrier. It has its uses, but it tends to affect everyone in the area, cops included. After someone uses pepper spray near you, you can taste it for hours.

**Flashlight:** It slides into a plain plastic ring. Many cops now carry the small but really bright halogen lights, but we love the classic cop black maglight. It takes two D batteries and it lasts for months.

**Pouch For Rubber Gloves:** This is an optional item, but do you want to grab a bleeding crack-head with your bare hands? We didn’t think so.

**Clip Pouch:** This is for two spare magazines of bullets, each holding 15 rounds. Just in case.

**Gun:** The roscoe, the biscuit, the piece, the gat. While there are still a few old-time holdouts with six-shot revolvers, 99 percent of cops have a 9mm automatic with a 15-round magazine (plus one in the chamber). They can pull the trigger 16 times without reloading.

**Leatherman Multi Tool:** Another optional item. One cop told us that he carries it because “the second I don’t, I will have some need for it.”



# TOMATO, TOMAHTO

## Make Up Your Mind, New York!

Do cops work hard enough?



**Betty (store owner):** The cops should patrol here. We get a lot of homeless people every morning, and instead of them passing through and making sure we can open the store and not have to wake them up and get knocked out, there's no cops. One morning I woke up a homeless man sleeping in front of the store and he punched me in the jaw—broke it. So, now we have to leave them there. They sleep there, they urinate there, and I have to breathe that every morning.



**Noah:** They spend more time doing easy stuff instead of doing what they're really there for. You see them every night in the East Village. They are only enforcing the little crimes that are easy and they don't have to write paperwork for, when they're not even going after what is actually causing a problem.

Are the cops around here quick to respond?



**Jamal:** I manage a McDonald's, and with confrontations in here, which happen often, it's tough to get a response unless someone's been really wounded. We get lots of fights, and it's not as if there's cops walking the street here. If you make a call to one of the precincts, unless there's a very big situation, the response is less than adequate.



**Javier:** Cops bother too much. They're always suspecting something. Me and my friends, we walk in a group and they always think we're gonna fight or something, and they always approach us, ask us for our names and stuff. It's always the case in the streets when we're just walking around looking for girls. Then, if we're in the front of our building, they always want to come up to us, thinking that we're doing something.

What do you think of how the cops deal with graffiti?



**Tony (store owner):** I guess graffiti is lower on the cops' totem pole of crime to fight, but it's disgusting. We try to paint over it right away, but that's the best we can do. The people that live in and enjoy the neighborhood, they don't want to see it everywhere. They've voiced their opinion, so we do what we can. I don't know the cops' workload, but they should put up surveillance cameras or something to catch these kids.



**Aibe (graffiti writer):** A cop has to have to have a job, but most of it's just hassling. If you tag on a wall or throw a mural, even for a museum, you're put down to the same level as a crack or heroin dealer. It's like it's a violent crime just for tagging, and it's absurd because all these neighborhoods where rent went from \$700 a month to \$2,700—it was because there was graffiti and that made it hip.

Do we need more cops on the streets?



**Millie:** Yes, we do need more cops on the streets. When you see them at parades, it looks like they're over-staffed, but then after the parade's over, who knows where they disappear to. Whoever the commanders are, they don't put enough cops out, cause you feel a lot safer when you see a uniform every five or ten blocks.



**Debbie:** They come out at night and stand on the corner. Ain't nobody on the corner, ain't nothing happening there. What they need to do is go to LaGuardia Airport. Go for the big guys. These people here are trying to make a living and feed their families. Cops are out here profiling our children. My son was walking down the block Friday night—he's never been in trouble a day in his life, no drugs, no nothing. He went outside to wait for his sister; they stopped him and locked him up. Now he got a nasty record, and he has to be on probation for a whole year.

Are there enough cops in your neighborhood?



**Tracy:** There needs to be more police on the beat. Maybe then it would be safer and everyone would feel safer. There are people running around raping our children. I don't feel that they do their job when they really need to. They do unnecessary stuff, like sitting inside a building waiting for trespassers, but let me tell you, if I'm getting beat up, they're going to take their time to come. And sometimes they don't even come.



**Tracy:** Where I live at, there's always police around. I mean, look out the window. They're in front of the building. You're sitting in buildings waiting for people to come in the building to catch them for trespassing? I think you got something better to do.



## PHOTOGRAPHER SERIES GABE MORFORD MIKE O'MEALLY BEN COLEN GIOVANNI REDA ATIBA JEFFERSON

DVS shoes, along with five of the most respected skateboard photographers, Giovanni Reda, Ben Colen, Gabe Morford, Mike O'Meally and Atiba Jefferson, have teamed up to collaborate on a new collection: The Photographer Series. This project begins with each photographer choosing a DVS style and applying materials, colors and graphics that reflect their unique personality. Inside each individually designed shoebox, you will find a series of 5 collector's postcards. For the chosen few, DVS has put together a limited edition book, which is a true "Behind the Lens" experience. Photographer Series colorways left to right: Baron by Gabe Morford, Dill 4 by Mike O'Meally, Daewon 9 by Ben Colen, Gavin Classic by Giovanni Reda and Huf 4 by Atiba Jefferson. For more information log onto: [dvs shoes.com/photographerseries](http://dvs shoes.com/photographerseries).





Using a box cutter blade to remove pockets



# PICKPOCKET POINTERS

## 12 Methods to Do the Dip

WISE UP, CHOLLY! PICKPOCKETS ARE ALL around you. You think these guys stopped working in the 1940s? Come on! Why do you think we still have those announcements on city buses about watching out for them?

In 2001, \$8,665,446 worth of property was stolen by pickpocketing in New York State. In 2004, larcenies in the NYC subway went up 4.9 percent. Care to hazard a guess why? Because everyone has an iPod on them, complete with the telltale white headphones. You guys are sitting ducks out there!

Randy Stoever was the head of the NYPD's pickpocket squad for nine years. He's seen every lushworker, dip, cannon, stall, and vic

in the city (we have no idea what the fuck that means either).

"Pickpockets are some of the smartest uneducated people around," says Stoever. "Their techniques can be inventive and daring, but you still see guys arrested four or five times — career pickpockets. They're usually about 40 years old and a lot of them have been doing it since they were 12. Most of the people I busted that worked the buses in Queens were South American but I have arrested every kind—all races, creeds, and ages."

"When we would see a known pickpocket who was on parole, we'd bring him to the attention of his PO and get stipulations added to his parole that would stop him from going on subways or buses."

"We were a really aggressive squad, so we were very effective. I personally debriefed all the pickpockets we arrested. Perps always told me that they knew about us and lived in fear of being caught by my unit."

CONTINUED ON P. 44

### A Pickpocket's Dictionary

- Fanning:** lightly touching a pocket to see if there's money or a wallet in it
- Cannon, Hitter:** a pickpocket
- Stall:** a partner who distracts a victim
- Vic, Mark:** the victim of a pickpocket
- Jostling Squad, Po-Po:** the police
- Players:** fellow pickpockets.
- Hide:** a wallet
- Looping:** when a pickpocket goes from one end of a train line to another, transferring back and forth for hours



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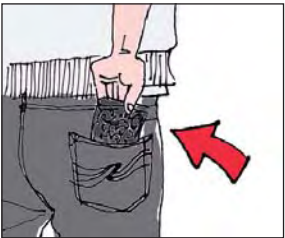
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The 12 New York Pickpocket Breeds: A Field Guide



**1. STANDARD PICKPOCKET**  
This is the guy who reaches his hand into your front or rear pocket to take your wallet. Most of his vics are male. A good way to foil this jerkoff is by wrapping a rubber band around your wallet, making it impossible for him to just slip it out.



**2. BAG OPENER**  
He mostly preys on women with purses, but can also target anyone with a backpack. Most of the time, he's shielding his working hand with a coat or newspaper in his free hand, providing a screen to work behind.



**3. BUMP AND STALL**  
This is a team. The stall stands in front of the vic and drops something, like money or a Metrocard. He bends down and stops the vic in his tracks. The vic bumps into the stall and falls into a forward-leaning position. The cannon comes in from behind and removes the vic's wallet from his pocket. This happens a lot at the tops of escalators.



**4. THE CUTTER**  
He uses a straight razor to slice the side of a bag that he wants into, then reaches into the slit. This one is big during the holidays, when women are riding the subways with a lot of packages in addition to their purses. Some cutters even use scissors to cut the straps right off a bag and take the whole thing. How about the balls on these guys?!



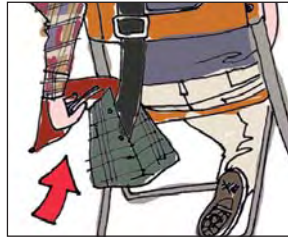
**5. THE LUSHWORKER**  
He walks along the outside of trains looking for sleepers, then comes in and nudges them to see if they wake up. If they do, he acts like a Good Samaritan. If the vic doesn't wake, he goes into their pocket. If he can't get into a pocket, he'll cut their pants, taking the pocket right off.



**6. THE SQUIRTER**  
The classic ketchup or mustard pickpockets. Sometimes these guys even squirt their vic with pigeon shit. Often the squirter will be an elderly woman or man. They'll squirt you from afar, then come over and offer to help clean you up with napkins. While they're scrubbing away, either they or an accomplice robs you.



**7. DISTRACTERS**  
These guys work in teams. A couple of them will start a fake fight. While the vic is watching this, the cannon will make the dip.



**8. THE EATERY WORKER**  
He targets restaurants, hitting purses that are hanging on chairs. Randy Stoever says, "I once saw a team at a Krispy Kreme on 86th Street. He had his back to a couple of old ladies. His partner was signaling to him when it was all clear. He went behind his back, reached into her purse, and removed her wallet."



**9. THE PRATFALL**  
One of the perps walks up to a train door that's about to close and pretends to get his foot stuck. When the well-meaning vic comes forward to help, another pickpocket swoops in and robs him. After they get the wallet, the first perp will get up and walk away. Again: Balls.



**10. THE OLD MAN ON THE BUS**  
He takes his left arm out of its sleeve and reaches all the way behind his body and into his neighbor's bag or pocket. "We saw this guy contorting himself so bad the vic thought he was having a seizure," says Randy. "He said, 'You need the whole seat, sir?' and the perp snapped at him, 'Don't move! Just stay there!'"



**11. LADIES' ROOMERS**  
These female pickpockets snatch purses from right off the coat hook on the inside of a stall door while a female vic is using the john. Often, the perp will have a partner in the stall next to the vic who will create a distraction like dropping something on the floor near their shoes.



**12. THE CREEPER**  
He will pick pockets with no crowd around, coming right up behind you, opening your bag, and removing your wallet. This fucker is what is known as deft. Most vics won't even recall being bumped.  
If you can rob a guy coming the opposite way you are basically a Thetan level 8 of pickpocketing.

PICKPOCKET: adidas/Vice adicolor jacket, 686 wallet, Nudie jeans / BAG-OPENER (l-r): Vintage t-shirt, Crumpler Maurice bag, Paul Frank wallet, JBrand jeans; Insight51 button-up shirt, New York Post newspaper, jeans model's own / THE BUMP AND STALL (l-r): shirt and jeans model's own; Quiksilver jacket, Jack Spade bi-fold wallet, Nudie jeans; APC jeans, Nike shoes, shirt model's own / THE CUTTER (l-r): American Apparel hoodie, Striness messenger bag, Paul Frank purse wallet, Burberry trench coat / THE LUSHWORKER (l-r): Matrix shirt; OP Baja, Quiksilver jeans, Jack Spade bi-fold wallet / THE SQUIRTER (l-r): American Apparel hoodie, J-Fold wallet, Nudie jeans; clothes model's own / THE DISTRACTERS (l-r): American Apparel v-neck t-shirt, Vice/Lowlife belt buckle, Kili City jeans; H&M mesh tank top, APC jeans; H&M jacket, Paul Frank wallet / EATERY WORKER: Paul Frank wallet, Jack Spade messenger bag / PRATFALL (l-r): Nudie jeans, American Apparel hoodie; Nike jacket, Polo wallet, Cate Denim jeans; clothes model's own / OLD MAN ON THE BUS (l-r): Paul Frank wallet, Nudie jeans, shirt model's own; clothes model's own / LADIES' ROOMERS: All clothes models' own / THE CREEPER (l-r): ID leather jacket, Mishka NYC sweater, Nomad Tribe jeans, Nike shoes; Live Mechanics shirt, Medium/Adobe bag, pants model's own

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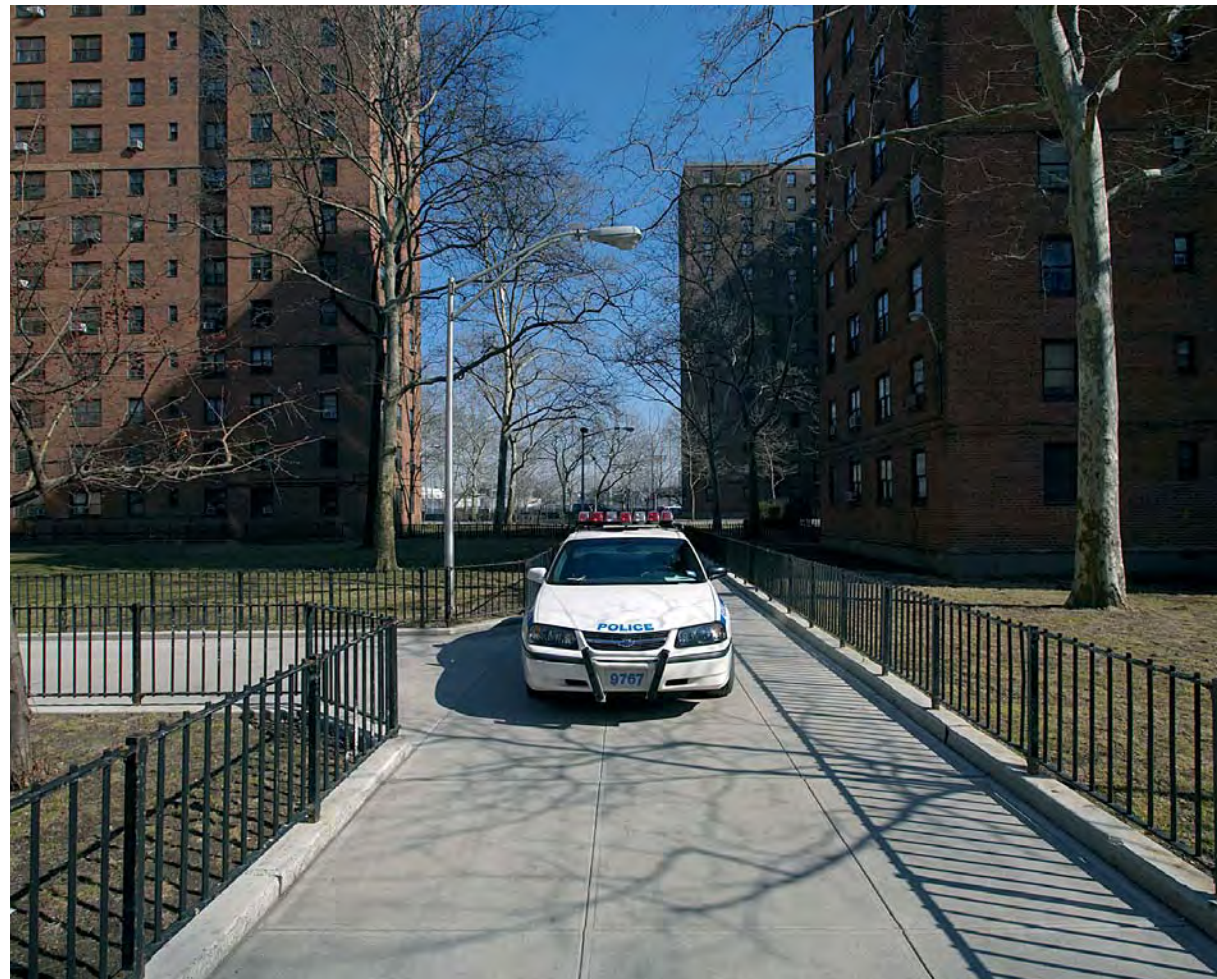
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Photo by Nguan



## THE NYPD FROM A-Z

### A Cop Guides You Through

I KNOW THAT THE NYPD CAN SEEM LIKE A BIG, BLUE, mustachioed, Orwellian enigma. It is—at least the top brass is.

The walking-the-beat stuff, the down-on-the-street police work, however, is really pretty cut and dry. I should know—I spend every waking minute of my life up to my neck in it. In fact, I can tell you the whole deal right now...

### **A** is for ARRESTS

This is what we do, and it's why so many people hate and fear us. If you listen to people in jail, nobody in the history of the world ever deserved his or her arrest. From the biggest drug-dealing, innocent-bystander-killing rapist down to the guy selling bootleg DVDs, it was all some BULLSHIT! "I didn't kill that guy, and anyway he deserved it." "Those aren't my drugs; I borrowed a friend's jacket and he must have left them in there." "I was just looking at these DVDs. I ain't sellin' 'em; I just happen to have \$300 in singles on me." You wonder why cops get jaded?

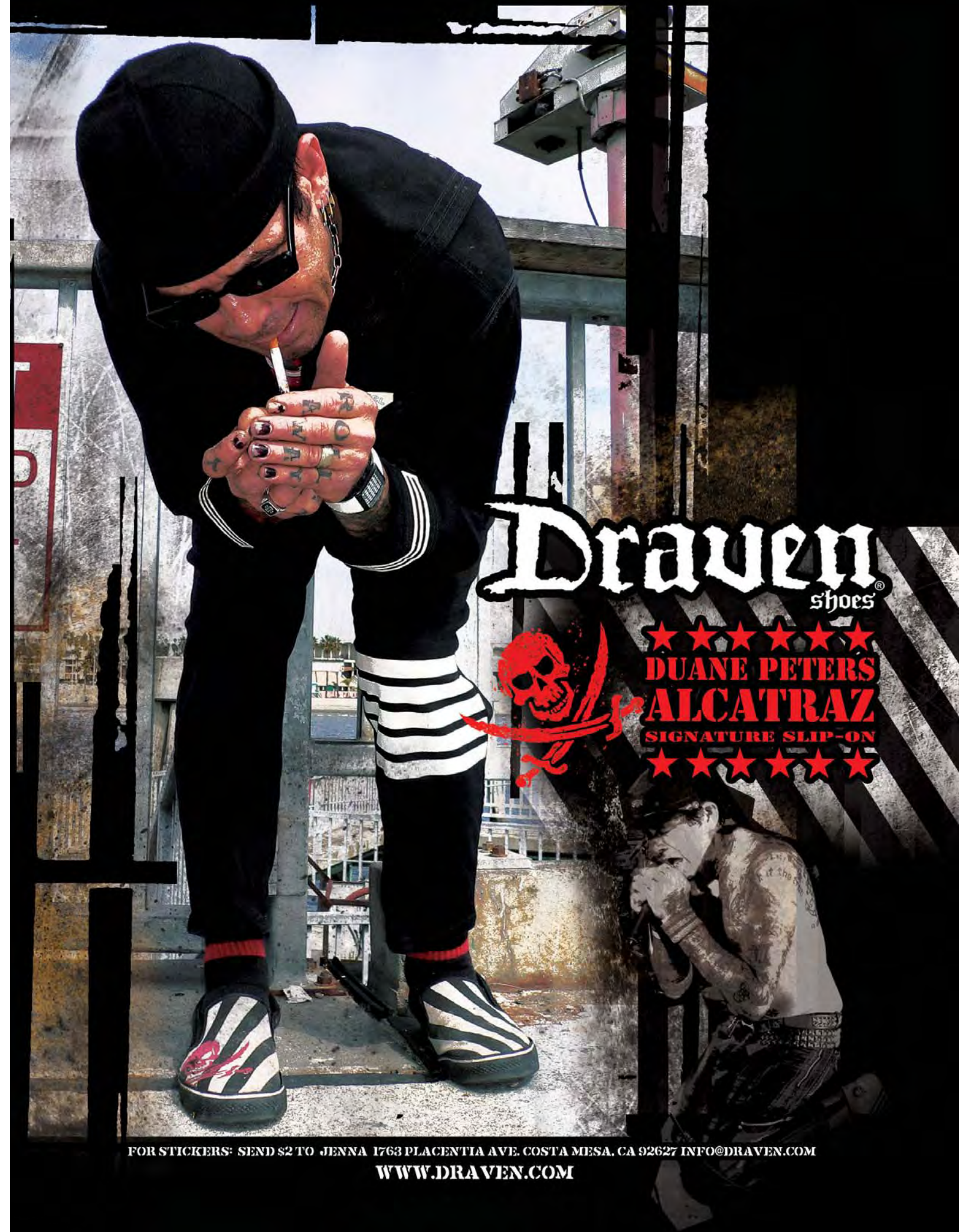
### **B** is for BULLSHIT

It's what people constantly spew at us. I swear that I deal with more bullshit every day than a farmer does in a year. It is our job to sort through all of it, to make order out of the chaos, and to render a decision. We don't do this in a nice, calm courtroom, but in crowded hallways and busy streets with people screaming at us. If we sometimes seem a little direct and impatient, you're going to have to forgive us. We are up to our ears in bullshit.

### **C** is for CRAZY

This is a word we no longer use. Nowadays, nuts are referred to as "emotionally disturbed people" (EDPs for short). Whatever terminology you use, these calls—along with family disputes (more on them when you get to F)—are the two things we hate the most. The problem with crazy people is that they are fucking crazy. (emotionally disturbed—sorry.) The rules of normal, rational thought go out the window. They may be nice and calm one moment, then raving and attacking the next. One thing you can be sure of, though: If something goes wrong, the headline won't be OFFICER DEFENDS HIMSELF FROM IRRATIONAL, RAMPAGING MADMAN WIELDING A KITCHEN KNIFE. It will be COP SHOTS CUCKOO FOR KICKS.

Also, nobody ever wants to tell us how we should deal with



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these people—they only like to tell us how we should NOT deal with them. “Why did you have to use pepper spray? Why did you have to handcuff him?” Maybe because he was trying to chew my nose off? What should I have done? “I don’t know, just not that.” Oh.

## **D** is for DETECTIVE

There is no member of the NYPD that inspires more interest and awe from the public than a detective. The truth is, yes, we do have the finest investigators in the world, because of both experience (NYC has a little of everything) and the sheer size of our department.

It’s like high school sports: The 2,000-student school tends to have more stand-out players than the 300-student school. Those are simple odds. So, yes, there are lots of detectives doing lots of good jobs in the NYPD. There is, however, one job that none of them do: Supervise uniformed cops. A detective outranks nobody. That’s right; he (or she) doesn’t outrank me, a lowly police officer.

Detective is the only discretionary rank in the NYPD. That means a detective becomes a detective simply by the Police Commissioner tapping him on the head and saying, “It is so.” A cop can be made a detective (and vice versa, though it is rare) at any time without taking a test or jumping in rank. I know you watch *Law and Order* and *NYPD Blue* and detectives order the uniformed officer (who’s invariably portrayed as an idiot) around. It doesn’t happen, people. It’s a TV show. If, in real life, a detective ordered around a cop like that, he would be told to go fuck himself in no uncertain terms. (Wait, actually he would be told in those exact terms.)

## **E** is for ENTERTAINMENT

When I first came on, a wise sergeant told me that if you can just view 80 percent of what you see on the job as sheer entertainment, you can do 20 years no problem. The trouble, of course, is the other 20 percent. I have witnessed things that made me laugh, cry, and everything in between. Still, how can you not piss yourself when you ask a guy if his drunk friend you’re sending to the hospital is a diabetic and he replies: “No, he’s a Baptist.”

## **F** is for FAMILY DISPUTE

As I said, right up there with EDPs on the list of things we hate to deal with. For one thing, you’re in a person’s home. They know where all the pointy things are, and you don’t. We try to avoid the kitchen.

But these are especially dangerous

because so many emotions are involved. Plus, the people are often hammered.

You are never quite sure where you stand either. A woman calls you because a guy assaulted her. You go to cuff him and now she turns on you. Suddenly, you’re the problem! “I didn’t want you to arrest him, just scare him a little.” Sorry, lady. We’re the police, not your big brother. If you call us, the guy’s getting collared.

## **G** is for GUN

Like a bad car accident, our guns both attract and repulse people. It’s the symbol of our authority, an acknowledgement of the powers vested in us. It is also what sets us apart from most of the population. But it really is just another tool. The carpenter has his hammer and we have our guns.

I know it seems like a big deal to people that we walk around armed, but after a year or so it just becomes second nature, like putting on your watch in the morning. Sometimes we even kind of forget about our guns until they get caught on something as we’re walking by. “Oh yeah, I have a deadly weapon on my hip.”

## **H** is for HOURS

We work 365 days a year, 24 hours in a row. (Not all of us; we do it in shifts.) Like 7-Eleven, we never close. As you can imagine, this takes a toll on one’s body. I have finished arrests at 6 AM that started on a tour that was supposed to end at 11:30 PM, then had to start all over again at 8 AM. It’s not uncommon to work for 24 hours straight. That’s when the meth comes in handy. Just kidding. They do regular drug testing.

## **I** is for INSIDE PERSON

There are lots of cops that never see the outdoors. They are known as inside people. Some have earned their spot by doing years of work on the street; others just end up stuck behind a desk. Those of us who put on a gun belt and actually do police work tend to look down on these guys.

## **J** is for JOKES

Cop humor is a way of dealing with the things we have to see on a daily basis. We’ll joke with each other about how bad a dead body smells or how the local drug dealer, shot by his rival, can take seven bullets and be back to work in two weeks.

Cops are also big on practical jokes. They lighten the mood. Sure, they can be juvenile, but what are we, the serious police? One classic that goes way back is calling a fellow cop and pretending to be a high-ranking chief. The real payoff is

when a chief really calls soon after and your buddy tells him to go fuck himself.

## **K** is for KILLED

This is something that can happen to any of us at any time. We joke about it and minimize talking to our loved ones about it, but it’s the only job around where you have to wear a garment designed to stop bullets. This is why police funerals are so well attended—deep down, we all know that the next one could be for us.

## **L** is for LIE

I know I sort of covered this in BULLSHIT, but seriously—everyone lies to us all the time. Here’s a good rule of thumb for new cops: The first story a perp tells you will be a lie.

Always being lied to takes a toll on your psyche. You have to be careful not to carry it over to the outside when you’re off duty. More than once my wife has accused me of interrogating her. She sometimes has a point, but it’s just that we learn to ask questions that get to the heart of a matter and that try to get people to exclude extraneous information. Sometimes I ask her if she went food-shopping and she starts rambling on about how busy she was and what a day she had. I have to be careful not to say, “Just answer my question Ma’am: Yes or no, DID YOU GO SHOPPING?”

## **M** is for MONEY

This is a sore point for us. I know, I know: Nobody thinks they’re paid what they deserve. But the fact that we are the lowest paid police agency around, and that they just LOWERED the starting salary to \$25,000? It’s insane! Actually, it’s worse than insane—it’s \$375 a week (after taxes).

## **N** is for NYS BENEFIT CARD

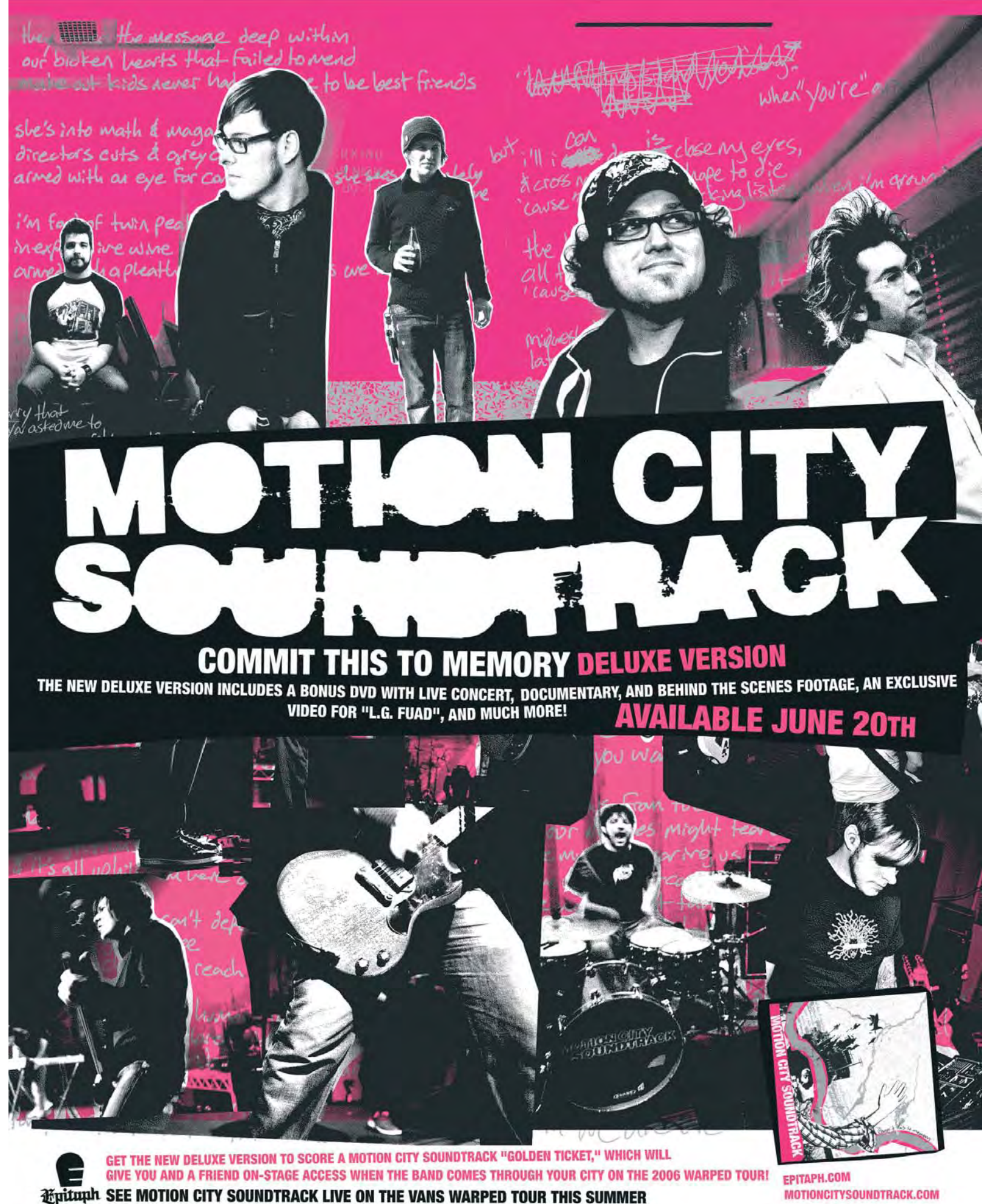
Don’t know what this is? Neither did I before I became a cop. Now, if a perp can’t produce one, I become suspicious. This is a welfare card issued by the state of New York. A guy can be homeless, missing most of his limbs, drunk, and high on crack, but you can be sure that somewhere on him is his benefit card. Your tax dollars at work.

## **O** is for ONE WAY

This expression is unique to the NYPD. It means that someone is selfish, as in: “Johnson is like First Avenue, one fuckin’ way.”

## **P** is for PERP

Yes, we really say this. It wasn’t invented by *NYPD Blue*. In case



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you didn't know, it's short for perpetrator. When you first become a cop, you feel a little silly saying it. Eventually it just becomes part of your vocabulary. It can also be used as an adjective, as in, "Watch out. This place is perpy."

**Q is for QUEENS**

For whatever reason, cops from all other boroughs look down on Queens cops and refer to them as "Queens Marines." I guess this is because Queens—with a few notable exceptions—is almost a suburb. Supervisors out there will start nitpicking about stuff like how shiny your shoes are or what color socks you have on if there isn't a lot of crime to fight. I personally have never had anything but good experiences with Queens cops.

**R is for RIOT GEAR**

OK, this one is a personal pet peeve. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS RIOT GEAR. The only additional piece of equipment you will see at a disturbance is a helmet. That's it! And guess what—we're supposed to carry our helmets in the car every day anyway. The baton, the pepper spray, the handcuffs... we ALWAYS have that stuff. Still, anytime there's any kind of civil unrest (such as the incident in Brooklyn this April with the Hasidim), the media will invariably describe us as "police clad in riot gear." We aren't "clad" in anything; we just put on a fucking helmet so that when people throw stuff at us it doesn't kill us. WE. DON'T. HAVE. RIOT. GEAR.

This is why we tend to distrust the media. If they can't get something this freakin' simple right, how can we expect them to accurately report on anything remotely complex?

**S is for SHIELD**

That piece of tin on our chest with a number on it is a shield, not a badge. Boy Scouts have badges; we wear shields. BTW, I know you think it scares me when you ask for my "badge" number. It doesn't. I give it out 20 times a day, and besides, it's right there on my chest. You don't have to ask, you just have to look down about 14 inches.

**T is for TAXES**

Your taxes pay my salary! (I wanted to say that first just once.)

**U is for UNION**

The NYPD union is called the PBA (Patrolmen's Benevolent Association) even though the title "patrolman" was eliminated like 30 years ago.

Invariably the media will accuse politicians of "kowtowing to the powerful police unions." This cracks us up. We are the lowest paid police department around, our facilities are dirty and crumbling, and for the most part we're miserable. Yeah, that's some powerful union we got.

**V is for VOCAB**

As a cop, you develop a unique vocabulary. It's gradual—you don't realize you're talking differently until you use NYPD language in polite (civilian) company. Much of this lexicon was in use around the turn of the century and survives only in the NYPD. No, I'm not going to tell you what all of it means. We have to keep some secrets. Please DO NOT read the accompanying sidebar.

**W is for WASTE**

Waste waste waste. Wastes of potential, wastes of life, wastes of money. Lives ruined by drug or alcohol abuse. Lives wasted by bullets or knives. Children's potential wasted by bad parents or no parents. Twenty-five-year-olds who have spent their entire life in some form of institution: Foster care at three, group home at 12, prison at 18. Cops are basically waste management experts.

**X is for XEROX**

The Job is all about paperwork and, as a result, the NYPD's ancient Xerox machines have probably caused more deforestation than all the wildfires in California and Oregon put together.

BTW, our copiers aren't the only outdated equipment we have. We still use typewriters (at least they're electric), carbon paper, and computers with those green screens where you enter commands like "f9."

**Y is for YONKERS**

This is just one of the many nearby police departments that pay better than the NYPD does. Their starting salary is \$47,507 (according to the woman at Yonkers Civil Service whom I just called).

**Z is for ZERO**

A cop who does the bare minimum (or less) is referred to as a zero. Thanks to the civil service system, no matter how much work you do, you're paid the same as everyone else in your rank with your time on the force. The questions thus arises: Are you smart and dedicated if you try harder than these guys, or are you just an idiot for doing more work for the same pay?

OFFICER LEO FEARPINI

**Talk Like A Cop**

**Anti-Crime:** A puzzling term. Aren't all cops, by definition, anti-crime? It's like those bumper stickers you see that say, "I [heart] my wife." Doye. In the NYPD, "anti-crime" refers to a unit of plainclothes cops assigned to unmarked cars. Their job is to catch crimes in progress, like robberies and burglaries. This is a highly sought-after unit and is considered a path to the detective squad.

**Buff:** A very common police term, best defined as a cop who is very into his job. For example, a guy who spends a lot of money on extraneous equipment (extra lights for the car, an expensive knife) might be derided as a buff.

It can also be used as a verb, as in: "How did you catch that guy?" "Oh, I was buffing out on a rooftop looking at him for a while and saw him break into a car."

**Collar:** An arrest. Both noun and verb: "I collared him. I am looking to make more collars."

**Skell:** A skuzzy, dirty guy. This is an interesting word, as its origins are in doubt. It goes back at least to the 19th century, and some say it's a shortening of "skeleton." Others say it's from an old Dutch word. Whatever, we know a skell when we see one.

**Mope:** Also a person of dubious moral character, just one with better hygiene. You could say, "That group of drug dealers on the corner are a bunch of mopes."

**Mutt:** See above, but slightly harsher. "This fuckin' mutt robbed some 14-year-old kid."

**Squad:** Detectives. After a major crime, you establish a crime scene and call the squad.

**DOA:** A dead body. "Did you smell that DOA? Talk about ripe!"

**Central:** The dispatcher on the radio. A good one is indispensable, and a bad one can get cops hurt.

**Job:** A radio run. A call dispatched from central.

**RMP:** A police car. It stands for Radio Motor Patrol unit.

**Jammed Up:** In trouble with the department for either on- or off-duty misconduct. Not a good thing.

**Hair Bag:** This one is hard to define. Sometimes it's used to describe a cop—particularly one without a lot of time—who acts like a know-it-all. Like, "Look at that three-year hair bag, talking to the rookies like he knows what he's doing." It can also describe a bitter cop with lots of time on the job who isn't that concerned with his personal appearance. "Why doesn't that fuckin' hair bag just retire?"

**Boss:** Any supervisor.

**The Job:** The NYPD. As in, "The Job is killin' me."

**Hook:** A connection to the NYPD's power elite—a friend or relative in a position of authority who can help one's career. "How did that guy get into the squad?" "He has a hook—his uncle is a retired chief."





## A COP'S LIFE: ROOKIE TO RETIREE IN 20 YEARS

*The typical NYPD career takes a well-trod course. You go to school, you get assigned to a random post somewhere in the five boroughs (unless you have friends higher up, in which case you get assigned wherever the hell you want), you do a few years there, then you make detective or take a civil service test and become a sergeant. You do that for a few years, then maybe take another civil service test and make lieutenant. (Some guys choose to not become a detective or a sarge, and they stay a “cop” cop for the full 20 years of the career.)*

Soon after that, you retire as early as 40 years old and spend

*the rest of your life on a boat in Florida, or working for a private security firm if you get bored. That's about it.*

*Oh, wait—there's also the endless litany of traumas, frustrations, fights, arrests, dead bodies, vomiting junkies, piles of paperwork, Kafkaesque bureaucratic snags, and tons of laughing your ass off.*

*Over the next eight pages, real live NYPD cops are going to walk you through the stages of a New York cop's life from start to finish. Please pay attention and be nice. They're just as scared of you as you are of them. (OK, not really. They aren't scared of you at all.)*



*Illustrations by Christy Karacas*

## UP THE ACADEMY

## Learning to Be a Cop

POLICE ACADEMY IS SORT OF LIKE HIGH SCHOOL, EXCEPT there's more guns.

NYPD recruits put up with petty indignities, like 50 lockers and ten showers for 75 people in the gym. You run around from class to class, get yelled at by instructors, cram for tests on stuff that you forget the minute you take them, and play pranks on other students. It doesn't sound like it, but it's pretty fun.

Academy lasts six to eight months, and then it's Gun and

Shield Day. They herd the graduating class to the basement, where a bored guy fishes a shield out of a shoe box, hands it to each new cop without looking up, and then calls the next name. After that it's over to the academy range to receive and load your first NYPD gun. They could do with a little more pomp and circumstance, but whatever—everyone walks off that line thinking to himself, “Holy shit, I’m a cop!”

There are a few weeks of school left after that. The guys with “hooks” already know what precinct they’re going to, and everyone else sits and wonders. The NYPD is divided into eight patrol boroughs. Manhattan, Queens, and Brooklyn are divided into north and south, while the Bronx and Staten Island count as one each. Every patrol borough has its own quirks, and where you go first decides what kind of cop you’ll be.



Ambiguous

at home with haul and mason



Police Academy Was a Fucking Blast!

The academy was great. From day one, I was laughing my ass off. Before I went in, I didn't really know any cops so I had no idea what to expect. I was 25, so I was a little bit older. I'd been living in my car at one point, because I'd been married once before and got divorced. Times were tough. So I think I appreciated having a job and benefits and everything more than some others. The general atmosphere was paramilitary. In the hallways, you do what everyone calls "playing the game." You act super professional. When you get into a classroom and the doors are shut, things get a little more relaxed.

I went through there with a great group of cadets—a real cast of characters, from the most militant Marines to guys that didn't really give a shit about anything. There was one kid who I never saw again after the academy. His father and grandfather were both cops, but he was kind of a sad sack. He ended up taking the brunt of a lot of jokes.

One time we were at the range doing this exercise where you have your gun at your side, draw fast, and use only one hand. It's so if you get shot in the arm and can only use one hand, you know how. You get your elbow back, right up against your side. So this kid shoots his weapon and all of a sudden we hear him screaming, "Aaahhh!" We look over and this guy has shot a hole right through his tie. He looked down, saw a hole in it, and thought he'd shot himself. He fucking freaked out. We were all pissing ourselves. How the hell do you manage to blow a hole through your own tie at an indoor range with no wind? And if you do blow a hole through your tie, how the hell do you jump to the conclusion that you've shot yourself? Hilarious.

So this poor kid comes up to me one day at the academy and goes, "Hey, I gotta talk to you. You ever had a hemorrhoid?" And I actually had before, so I was like, "Yeah, and if you don't take care of them properly it isn't any fun." I told him to do himself a favor, go to the store, and get some Preparation H. I also told him to be careful, because if it's really bad, the Prep H will soften everything up and then it will pop and BOOM—hemorrhoid blood everywhere.

So a few days later, we go into gym and he's taking his pants off to change, and he starts screaming again, just like at the range with the tie. I come running over like, "What's the matter?" I look down and his underwear is just completely covered in blood. I started dying laughing. I had to take a step back and just consider the entire scene. I'm standing in this disgusting old locker room with mold everywhere. There's guys walking around all over, there's cocks everywhere. And I'm standing here, laughing at this guy with bloody underwear. I tell him to relax and that it'll heal up.

A few days later, the guy comes up to me again and says it won't stop bleeding. So I tell him to go to the goddamned doctor. He says, "Yeah, I better. My mother packs me extra pairs of underwear. I'm ruining like three pairs a day." I'm already kind of laughing, but I'm like, "Well, what are you doing, just throwing out the dirty ones?" He goes, "No, I put them in my bag. I don't want anyone here to find them in the trash."

So then later we're in class and I'm sitting behind him and I realize "Wait a minute. This kid has bloody underwear in his bag right now." I had a brown paper bag that I had kept my lunch in. So I slide my foot over his bag and carefully pull it back to me. I open it up and start shuffling through his bag and there it is—a bloody pair of tighty-whities. I pick them up, put them in this empty lunch bag of mine, and tie it shut.

Next, I grab another guy's backpack, slide it over, open it up, and stuff this little package of bloody underwear right in there. Luckily, I chose one of my buddies who still lived at home with his mother.



Academy Stories

He calls me up that Sunday morning and the first thing he says is, "Are you fucking kidding me?!" I play it innocent: "What?" He tells me that his mother had come running in that morning holding a bloody pair of underwear, screaming, asking him if he needed to go to the hospital. Classic. MIKE PAWLEWEICZ

All About the Boroughs

In the academy, I got to know the different reputations of all the city's patrol boroughs. It's like this...

**Manhattan South:** is called PBMS, which stands for Patrol Borough Manhattan South. The running joke is that PBMS really means, "Please Babysit My Son." It's derided as a borough full of "hook" boys, placed there by uncle inspectors and daddy chiefs. It's a nice post if you want to study for sergeant, but it's boring as hell if you spent your time in the academy dreaming of car chases and foot pursuits.

**Manhattan North:** My home borough. It's considered a good mix—busy enough to be interesting, but not so bad that you're wallowing in despair.

There's still plenty of ghetto here, but gentrification and good police work have made this borough a lot safer. We did such a good job that we can no longer afford to live in the neighborhoods we helped to clean up!

**Bronx:** The Bronx can make a valid argument for being the busiest, most dangerous borough. Brooklyn logs more homicides, but there are precincts in both boroughs that will make cops raise their eyebrows if you tell them you work there. I believe that the best police officers come from the busiest precincts.

**Queens:** Aside from a handful of tough precincts, Queens is typically derided as soft suburbs. Now, all of my dealings with Queens cops have been positive. I'm just telling you how they're generally perceived. Ask a Manhattan cop what a "Queens Marine" is. You're guaranteed to get a laugh. (Just don't ask a Queens guy!)

**Staten Island:** Like Queens, the perception is that S.I. cops are soft. Personally, I don't know one cop from Staten Island. I do know that of the last few cops killed in the line of duty, several were from out there.

**Brooklyn South:** The one thing I know about Brooklyn South is that it ain't Brooklyn North.

**Brooklyn North:** These cops are universally admired. Brooklyn North guys tend to stick together and back each other up, and are not going to be rattled easily.

I mean, come on—these guys had to create a special gun court just for all their gun cases! STEVE HUNTER





Photo by Matt Gunther



# ROOKIE TIME

## The First Five Years

A ROOKIE COP IS EASY TO SPOT: EVERYTHING IS SHINY AND new. His clothes are pressed and neat (and everything still fits). He's fresh-faced and eager to please: "The sarge wants five tags [summonses] today? Well, by God, I will give him six—I'll probably make detective this way!" A rookie takes the late jobs, skips meals, and never stays out sick.

For a rookie, everything is new. They are really feeling, for the first time, what it is like to be a cop: The stares when they enter a location and the overt hostility of many people they've sworn to protect. Even their own friends sometimes regard them with suspicion, which they couch as lame jokes: "If I (insert semi-illegal behavior here), are you gonna lock me up?"

If, like many cops, a rookie grew up in a middle-class area and gets assigned to a less-than-middle-class area, he'll experience a side of life that was heretofore hidden from him. Shootings, stabbings, dead bodies, and drunken family disputes... apartments so filthy and vermin-infested, it'll make you dry heave... crackheads, junkies, whores, the mentally ill, drug dealers, and hustlers of every stripe. Welcome to the NYPD, rookie.

Rookies learn to do things like buy their pants a little bigger and their shirts a little looser so their gun fits in the waistband without too much of a bump. They also learn about the tedious parts of the job, like standing on a foot post at 1 AM on a cold winter's night, when the only sound you can hear is the click of the traffic lights changing. Rookies go to large details, like New Year's Eve or parades, and spend 80 percent of their time standing around and the rest getting yelled at by a succession of passing supervisors who feel the need to look useful.

New cops always get the same clichéd mottos thrown at them by older cops: "Hey kid, a good cop is never cold or hungry." "Hey kid, always have an answer, good or bad." "Hey kid, we don't give up other cops."

Rookies also learn how to speak to people: When to bully, when to cajole, and when it's time to fight. And rookies definitely get into fights—they are often shocked to discover that lots of folks have no fucking problem with hitting a cop.

Rookies also get to see the rest of the criminal justice system: Judges and assistant district attorneys who are under the assumption that getting punched, kicked, and spit at are just parts of a cop's job, and top brass who don't support street cops when they come under fire from the public.

Rookies basically spend 90 percent of their time on the job taking in massive doses of heavy, heavy shit. Not to be a total bummer but the bitterness and the burnout starts here...





Meeting the Public

Several years ago, when I was still a rookie, my partner and I were cruising down the street in a marked car on patrol. All of a sudden, there he was: A guy on the sidewalk, four in the afternoon, pants around his ankles, taking a dump! The turtle was out of the shell, if you know what I mean. He had his back to us, so I told my partner to pull up right behind him. I figured we'd hit the lights and sirens and literally scare the shit out of this guy! So I flick all the switches and... NOTHING. He doesn't react at all! Now we needed to get out of the car and approach this lunatic. I didn't want to have to touch him, because he was still in the middle of his business, without a care in the world. Finally, he stops and we walk up. I'm thinking to myself, "What is this genius—deaf?" Well, guess what?

So he is deaf and now I can finally see that he's also not all there. Gesturing, I tell him to move along. He looks at me and barks out probably the only phrase he could speak: "Fuck you, police!"

Of course, in that deaf accent it comes out, "Fuun yuu, podice!" I look at my partner, he looks at me, and we're both just blown away. Believe it or not, shitting crazy deaf guys never came up at the academy. The guy walked off and we never saw him again. But even now when I run into my old partner, I greet him with "Fuun yuu, podice!"

EDDIE BUTLER

Strapping on Your Balls

I remember the first DOA I had to deal with. I was a brand-new rookie. The call that every cop comes to know came over the radio—"10-10 foul odor," and an address.

I showed up a few minutes later, and although the door and windows of the apartment had been opened, I was struck with my first whiff of what I now call the "DOA smell." It is a putrid sickly sweet reek that pervades every ounce of your being. Somehow it actually stays inside your nostrils for hours afterwards. You'll be outside, taking a deep breath, and the smell will come flooding back.

This particular gentleman was an elderly black male who died in a circumstance I would come to find out was quite common: Alone and naked. He had been dead for a week or so, and time had taken its toll. A dead body releases lots of gas as it decays. If there's no open wound, it can blow up like a balloon. This gentleman's face was swollen to three times its normal size, as were his extremities. What really struck me though, was that his testicles had swollen to—and I am not exaggerating—the size of bowling balls.

The cop I was relieving, who had a few more years on than I did, just laughed at me when I turned my head away. "Come on, kid, show me you have a pair and get in there," he said. In the NYPD your reputation is made early and follows you forever, and I didn't want to be the pussy that got scared of a dead guy, so I sucked it up. Little did I know that in a few years I would stand over a dead man in a freezing park, carrying on a conversation with my partner and the sergeant as I twisted rings off the corpse's hand with my coffee steaming about eight inches from his head.

That first time, in the apartment though, I did what I had to do. I finished the required paperwork and never heard any jokes about my reaction.

JAMES FITZPATRICK

Gross Out!

My first time on a really brutal crime scene was just a few months out of the academy. There had been an elderly woman who lived on the top floor of an apartment building. A younger woman who lived in the apartment downstairs apparently went crazy, climbed up the fire escape, and beat this old lady to death



Rookies' Stories

with a cane. It looked just like a movie crime scene. When I walked in, there were handprints on the door from her trying to get out. She had an older apartment. You know how the floors in older places in the city start to slope? Her place sloped towards the front, and she had bled out so much that there was this enormous puddle of blood at the front door.

There was a senior officer there. It was his scene. I was left to help guard it. If you get a DOA that lives alone, you have to find the apartment key, voucher it, and keep the place locked. Well, the only key that she had must have been in the door that she was reaching for. She had pulled it out, and it fell to the floor. It was in this inch-and-a-half deep puddle of blood. This old cop just looked at me and went, 'All right, rookie, get me that key.'

Now that I've had a lot more experience with it, I know that, for the most part, homicide scenes are shootings. There's a body laying there, a little bit of blood, and that's the end of it. But this first one I saw was so elaborate.

My second one involved a gay couple. Apparently the guy who got killed had just started dating this new man, and hadn't let him know his medical history. The new boyfriend, after they had been intimate already, was at the guy's apartment. He opened up the fridge to get a drink and found all his medication. He was not happy about this.

The victim had been sitting in a chair and got smashed over the head with a vase. The killer then went behind him and sliced his neck from ear to ear with a knife—really opened him up. There was blood speckled all over the wall and the kitchen floor was just *caked* with it. Crimes of passion are definitely the most brutal ones.

The grossest stuff I ever saw was during those rookie years. The worst was when this older guy passed away in a flophouse and wasn't found for a while. He had kind of rolled off his bed and landed on the heater. He was lying there cooking. His face was all bloated and black.

He lived in this little 12-by-12 room with his dog. Of course, the dog had been eating the guy—but it still didn't bother me at that point. I was dealing with it fine.

The dog was just happy to be with people again. We took him in the police car back to the station house. He was running loose around the house, tail wagging all over the place. Our lieutenant goes to pet him, and the dog just shits all over the floor. It was this liquid shit, the foulest smelling shit ever. I mean, you can't even imagine. So I walk over to it and I think about where we got this dog, and I'm like, "That's his owner, all decomposed and digested." I was like, "I got to get the fuck out of here." It was like witnessing the cycle of life, seeing this guy getting shit out by his own dog.

MIKE PAWLEWEICZ



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Photo by Todd Fisher



## BRING ON THE BURNOUT

### Years Five Through Ten

AT YEAR FIVE, A COP HITS A MASSIVE MILESTONE: TOP PAY. All through the rookie years, every cop has told himself that life will get better once he reaches top pay. "I'll be able to pay my bills once I reach top pay," rookies repeat like a mantra. "Life will be all milk and honey once I reach top pay."

At first, this seems true. The pay jump is fairly significant for year five, and for a few paychecks most guys feel like they're doing great. Then reality sets in. They see that even at top pay they're not making all that much money. For the first five years of the career they have put off a lot of stuff, and now it's starting to show. They're driving the same car they drove in the academy. A lot of cops want to start a family and buy a house by this point—you know, like grownups do. And guess what? It's hard as fuck. Every cop eventually realizes that struggling for money is just part of being a cop.

If a cop is going to get promoted, that whole process begins

in this stage of the career. Some guys sacrifice six months of their lives studying, and they get promoted to sergeant. Others have made good connections during their rookie time and get promoted to detective. After a promotion, everything is new again—it's like rookie redux. But that soon wears off, and they realize: Same bullshit, different shield.

The cop learning curve, which is steep over the first few years of a career, slows down alarmingly at this point. A cop at this stage is the kind of cop he will be for the rest of his career. Even promotions won't change that. A sergeant always gives preference to the cops who are most like he was at their age. If he was an active guy, he favors the gung-ho cops. After all, they do most of the work, and they should get something for it. If he was a zero, he'll favor the young zeroes. After all, those guys are least likely to force him to make any type of decision. They probably won't be involved in a shootout or anything that would end up in front of Internal Affairs.

The main thing about this stage, though, is that the excitement has worn off. A lot of cops start to feel like glorified civil servants at the whims of politicians. By this time, every cop has seen people's lives and careers ruined for political gain. He's seen fellow cops subjected to unjust discipline and miscarriages of justice.

Want me to sum up years five through ten with a good old cliché? No problem: You start out trying to change the world, but eventually the world just changes you.



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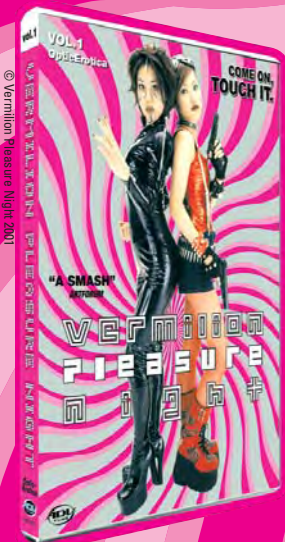
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## Armed to the Teeth

We were involved in a shootout in Brooklyn. It was between the Crips and the Bloods. We stepped up and ended up shooting two of them, then locking them up. Our guys were just standing on the corner doing regular patrol when the gunfire erupted.

I shot one guy myself. That was the third time I shot somebody on the job. The first time, I was a young cop in Brownsville. We were sitting on the corner eating Chinese food for dinner at about 8 PM. We heard shots coming from around the corner, so we drove up. There were two guys shooting guns up in the air. We pulled up on them and they turned around and shot at us, so we returned fire. I hit one and he took off, but we followed his blood trail and got him in the park where he was hiding. The other guy got away.

It sounds a little nerdy and buffy, but all your training really does take over. Shooting these guys didn't bother me at all. I slept like a baby after each one.

The first time I ever threw a punch on the job was on a family dispute. It was pretty typical. A woman was trying to get rid of her husband because he was hitting her or something. We walked in and said he had to go, and he started chirping [talking shit] at us so we grabbed him. When we did, the woman threw a punch and hit my partner with a high-heel shoe. Then he jumped in and we were brawling with both of them.

JOHN PHELPS

## Tearjerkers

Being a cop means seeing some terrible things. Sadly—or perhaps not so sadly—you become inured to it. A homicide victim who was a drug dealer? Fuck him. Guy dead from a motorcycle accident who was doing over 100 mph on a local road? Too bad, but, hey, don't drive like an asshole. Some lady dead from an OD on a rooftop? Yeah, well she probably wasn't going to cure cancer anyway. To some extent, it's a defense mechanism; to some extent it's just a hardening of your ability to feel empathy. You get used to seeing dead perps.

There's still one thing though that will break the heart of any cop, no matter how experienced and tough he is, and that's abused—or, even worse, dead—children. I've had to deal with this several times, and each haunted me for weeks afterward.

One in particular stands out, because I spent several hours with the family and saw their grief firsthand. We were relieving an earlier tour at a local hospital. All they told us was to take over for these guys, no other details, so I had no idea what we were in for. My partner and I got there and found the two guys. I started to give the customary greetings, make a joke, and ask what we're there for. These two veteran guys—one of whom could charitably be described as “grizzled”—looked shaken up.

They'd gotten an ambulance run (what we call an aided case) and headed to an apartment. In 99 percent of these cases we are extraneous—we don't provide medical care and, unless it's a dire emergency and no ambulance is available, we don't transport to the hospital. The job came over the radio as a “difficulty breathing,” which usually means an asthmatic who wants a ride to the hospital in an ambulance. Instead it was a six-year-old boy, and he was DOA.

My partner and I were told to wait for the medical examiner and the NYPD's Crime Scene Unit. A dead child is far from routine, and so always needs to be investigated fully. I went in and found the parents, a nice married couple, African immigrants



## Mid-Career Stories

who came to America for a better life. Now their child is lying dead on an ER stretcher. The kid's babysitter, a middle-age Hispanic woman who spoke limited English, was also there. She was beside herself. She'd been watching him and she blamed herself. She couldn't be consoled.

These parents had lost a child, and the look of grief on their faces is something I will take to my grave. To make matters worse, it was being treated as a crime scene, so we couldn't let them disturb the body. I think it might have made things easier if the parents had taken some of their anger out on us, but they were as polite and accommodating as they could be. They both spoke softly of their son. He was in all respects an average American boy. He idolized Shaq, loved hip-hop, played sports, and enjoyed school. The parents told me how they had fled their native country in Africa and hoped to make a better life for their son, their only child. They dreamed of buying a house and getting him out of the ghetto. The fact that this was never going to happen was just heartbreaking. I tried to provide what comfort I could. I let them reminisce and told them how sorry I was. At one point, the mother looked at me, and the pain in her eyes was staggering. She said, “He was just such a good boy and I loved him so much.” Both my partner and I are parents, and I have to admit, this shook me up. I imagined myself looking down on my dead child, listening to some cop spout inane clichés about how sorry he was. Eventually, the ME and detectives came, the investigation was conducted, and we were allowed to leave. I found out later that the kid had an undiagnosed heart defect; there was no way to know and nothing that could've been done.

That night we decided that a drink might be a good idea, so we headed out to the local watering hole. We were drinking in silence and an older detective, a 20-year guy who we were friendly with, came over. I guess he could tell right away something was wrong. “We had a bad one today,” my partner told him, and filled him in. He listened sympathetically, then he asked us, “Did you comfort them as best you could? Did you try to make things easier for them?” We told him we did, but it didn't make us feel any better. “Well, you did your job,” he said, “and nobody can ask more than that.” He bought us a round and left us alone with our thoughts. He was right, of course. We had done all we could. But I could still hear that mother: “He was such a good boy and I loved him so much.”

When I got home I sat in my daughter's room and I cried. I'm not the least bit ashamed to admit it.  
LEO FEARPINI



Photo by Sarah Small



# VETERANS DAY

## Years Ten Through Fifteen

BITTER MUCH? AT THIS POINT, IT'S ALL OLD HAT. A VETERAN cop has seen the dead bodies, the mangled victims, and the filthy apartments a thousand times. He just wants to do his job and go home—and he knows the job like second nature now, too. He can set up the crime scene, get the witnesses together, bring the guy in off the ledge, and talk any perp into cuffs. In fact, at this point a cop knows the job better than many supervisors, some of whom were in elementary school when he was in the academy. The smart bosses use this knowledge and confer with their veteran officers. Vets have seniority, and their vacation picks and days off are usually honored. They might get the occasional asshole boss, but by year ten they know that the old saying, “This too shall pass,” applies to the NYPD more than any other job on earth.

Most veteran cops have a second gig somewhere. Maybe

they do some carpentry, or a little mason work, or they install sprinkler systems. Whatever it is, they are likely to be more concerned with that on a day-to-day basis than with their NYPD career.

By year ten, most cops know where they're going to be for the rest of their time on the force. With this knowledge comes freedom: If you aren't trying to go anywhere, the bosses can't hold anything over you. If you put your head down and do your job, you will steer clear of the brass—and that's all a vet really wants.

One of the few things that can get still get a rise out of a vet is to start talking about the policymakers that control his life. Holy shit do they get mad. You should hear them talk about NYPD Commissioner Ray Kelly. They call him Popeye and spend hours putting together jpegs of him in a sailor suit with a can of spinach. It sounds pretty comical, but deep down they're really hurt by bosses like him. He's forgotten what it's like to be a cop in uniform, and the old guys hate that.

“The PD brass,” one vet told us, “is made up of yes men and political appointees. They could give a shit about the rest of us and it shows.”

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Been There, Done That

My dad is a retired cop and so is his brother. All my brothers and cousins are cops. Even my wife is a cop! I was NYPD before I ever put a shield and a uniform on—before I ever carried a gun. It was all around me. The only people my parents ever hung out with were cops. That ended up happening to me, too. I only hang out with cops. I couldn't hang out with doctors or auto mechanics. I hang out with people who understand me and who I understand.

At this point, I wouldn't encourage my son to be a New York City police officer. I would encourage him to go to Nassau or Suffolk County. They pay a lot better for doing the same job. The NYPD is very underpaid for the job it does. And that's not all.

The NYPD makes the public believe things that aren't true. Back in the early 90s, there was a place called the Happy Lands Disco up in Harlem. One night there was a male Hispanic there who was upset with his girlfriend. He went into Happy Lands, which was an illegal social club where she was hanging out, and he torched the place. Something like 90 people died. One event, 90 homicides. The following year, Mayor Dinkins got on the air and said, "This year, homicides are down 32 percent." Well of course homicides are down. The year before we'd had a huge mass murder! That's how the NYPD practices subterfuge. They play with numbers. It's PR spin.

I worked in an anti-crime unit on the Lower East Side. That's plainclothes officers who respond to violent street crimes in progress. Sometimes we rode in a taxicab, sometimes in an unmarked car. We dressed like derelicts. The captain said, "Listen. We need to make robbery collars." A robbery, by definition, is a larceny with force or the threat of force. So we would, by the stroke of a pen, change a larceny to a robbery. Let's say someone got pickpocketed. We would say, "Were you scared, sir? Did he push you? Did he pull you?" We'd lean it towards a robbery. Then, boom! The amount of robbery collars goes up.

We have a saying in the NYPD: "When you become a sergeant, you lose one testicle. When you become a lieutenant, you lose the other one. When you make captain, you grow a vagina." This really happens. Rock 'em, sock 'em cops lose their guts as they rise in the ranks. Sergeant, lieutenant, and captain are all civil service ranks. After that you have deputy inspector, full inspector, deputy chief, assistant chief, and full chief. Those are all discretionary political ranks. But a captain makes inspector on the backs of his cops. That's just a matter of fact. The police department continually screws the cop. The real cops are the lowest rung on the ladder. Personally, I never wanted to be a sergeant or a lieutenant. I wanted to be a detective. I wanted to arrest people for crimes. I didn't want to be a guard for the tennis open. I wanted to be a cop. I made hundreds of arrests, and I was involved in thousands. Working in Narcotics in Manhattan, I was taking 12 to 18 felony arrests a month.

My dad was a cop when things were different. It's his opinion that the job ran better then. Everybody took care of everybody. To me, taking a cup of coffee isn't corruption. On my first post, I worked all by myself doing the basic cop-on-the-beat thing. I was the sheriff of my town, and I did whatever I had to do. One of the things I was afraid of was being out there and needing help, so I made sure that the right civilians took care of me, and I did good by them. I can't give a guy a summons for standing in front of his house with an open beer. He doesn't live on Long Island. It's not like this guy has a backyard, so I don't think he deserves a summons and I'm not going to use my authority to break his balls. He's out there with friends playing dominoes.

It's very difficult to park your truck in Manhattan. If you're a cop and you know this storeowner down the block—let's call



Veterans' Stories

him Tony—gets his deliveries on a certain day, you don't give him a summons for the truck that day. Then maybe he helps you out with something that he sells in return. In business, it would be called bartering. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours. You go to see Tony, and he'd do right by you and give you a decent break.

I came on in 1984, when cops were still cops. People feared you, and fear equals compliance. That's the way it goes. Today, cops pull out their guns on someone and they get laughed at. They know you can't shoot them. But I never even had to pull my gun out. I carried a non-police-issue blackjack. If I took that jack out, they knew that I was going to open up their head for them.

We need to be a little more thick-skinned in general. I think that the ACLU has ruined this country. We're allowing thirty or forty attorneys to dictate policy for the majority. That shouldn't be the case. Here's my line on being a racist: I hate everybody equally. I don't go by their race; I go by the crime they've committed.

When it comes to the NYPD, it's my opinion that the thieves and whores from 30 years ago are the ones making policy today. Ray Kelly was a cop 35 years ago. He was on the street doing what he had to do. And now, he's holier than thou. A cop can't take a cup of coffee for nothing because that's corrupt, but captains, chiefs, and inspectors can go to restaurants with community leaders or whatever and get dinner on the arm. That's called "community relations" instead of corruption. That's just laughable to me.

DET. LOUIS A. BALESTRIERI

Birthing Babies and Busting Perps

Once I delivered a kid right in the hallway of a Bronx apartment building. That felt good, and it paid off. A few months later, the newborn's grandfather, who was also the building's super, tipped me off about a possible drug den in an apartment in the building. My partner and I went up to the door and got a whiff of gas. We knocked and knocked, and got no answer. We went up to the roof to look down into the apartment windows. As we did that, we saw some folks coming out the windows and down the fire escape. So we climbed over and ran down the fire escape. We look into the apartment and see a guy laid out on a bed. We think this guy's dead, so we go in. Turns out he passed out from the drug fumes. The fucking place is a heroin and cocaine mill for a major player in Brooklyn. We made what was then the largest drug arrest and seizure by NYPD cops in uniform in history, taking in over \$9 million in product and over \$200,000 in cash. Had we been working for a small department somewhere else in America, we would have surely gotten a promotion. In the NYPD, it was just: "Get back to patrol!"

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TYPES OF WOOD



Photo by John Gunther



## OVER AND OUT

### Retirees Say Goodbye

THIS IS IT. THE END OF THE ROAD. THE RETIREE BUYS A nice car, takes the family on a little vacation, then starts to focus on his second gig. Within a year all the memories of the bad things start to fade away: The petty annoyances, the pressures from both inside and outside the department, the harsh discipline, the holidays and family events spent chasing the radio instead of with loved ones. Suddenly, retirees remember only the camaraderie and the crazy things they saw and did with their partners and buddies.

A cop's pension is 50 percent of his final average salary. The department takes your last three years on the job, averages those years' pay and halves it. If you take the full 50-percent option, it goes on for the rest of your life. Your pension ends when you end.

There's another pension option. It's called the "death gam-

ble." If you die within five or six years of retiring, a big lump sum goes to your next of kin. That's a good option for cops who've been behind a desk living on cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes for the last ten years of their career.

But cops don't start collecting pension the day they retire. First they have the golden time known as "terminal leave." For the first six months after retirement, you collect full salary. You get a grace period on the books, which would be well spent setting up a new source of full-time income.

Any retired cop still has friends on the force, so retirees are often stopping by the station house to shoot the shit, coming to cop parties, and hanging out in cop bars. But five years after retirement, a cop will find that all his old buddies are starting to retire, too. One day he'll stop by the precinct to say hello and be like, "Who the hell are all these strangers in my house?"

A career as a cop is a weird thing. It's a lot like childbirth—every second spent in it is a nightmare, but the second it's over, you look back and see it as the greatest thing that ever happened to you. Ask any ex-cop how he likes retirement. He'll say, "You know what? I kind of miss the job."



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I can sum up being retired pretty easily: It sucks. I hate it. I'd have worked for the cops for 50 years if I could have. It's horrible to feel antiquated when you're 40 years old, and to have to stop doing something you love while you're still good at it.

JOHN PHELPS

Without Hooks...

I didn't even have a career—I had a job. In a career, people are looking out for you a little bit, and you have some mobility and options. A job is just something where you show up, work, get paid, and try to stay out of trouble.

I think police work is a noble profession that's been totally whored and corrupted by the scumbags who run the company. There is so much careerism, ambition, and dishonesty there. It's very tough to work for them.

Some people describe the NYPD as being like the Mafia. They don't mean that in terms of organized crime. They mean it in terms of affiliations and families being all-important. It's really a strange outfit. In terms of civil service positions, you can rise to the rank of captain. Above that, you're going to need to be affiliated. You're going to need someone pulling for you. Merit has very little to do with it.

I got as far as I got, the rank of captain, in twelve and a half years. The next seven and a half years were just—that was it. That was as far as I could progress on my own. Above that it's who you know—and I didn't know anybody.

I felt at home doing the job. On the street, it was great. In a meeting, I was like a retard. It was horrible.

BOB COHEN

Looking Back

Towards the end of my career, Bernard Kerik, the police commissioner before Ray Kelly, personally brought me up to work for him. I got promoted to what they call “the money.” I was getting lieutenant's pay. Some people call it detective sergeant or sergeant special assignment. It's a courtesy promotion, technically from the mayor, but the police commissioner decides who gets it.

I was a big collar guy. I was locking people up all the time. Even when I worked inside for the police commissioner, I had a job where I was running around outside all the time. I hated being chained to a desk.

After Kerik left and I had to go back out into the field, I ended up heading up the Manhattan Robbery Squad. I was a terrible administrator, but I think I was a good boss for the guys. I just loved being out there in the field hunting the perps.

So I retired as the CO of the Robbery Squad. I had been up for two different transfers from there. One was to Counter-Terrorism, and that got squashed by Commissioner Kelly. The other was to run a district attorney's detective squad. Kelly squashed that too, and he did it because I worked for Bernie Kerik.

I felt like, “Well, I'm only a sergeant and this guy is making sure he knows what I'm up to.” I knew he was going to be around for eight years as the police commissioner, and I know he's going to be the mayor of New York for eight years. (I'll put up \$100 to your \$10 right now on that.) There's no way I can wait him out for 16 years! He saw me as a Kerik guy.

It's a shame too, because I'm not a Kerik guy. He and I were



Retirees' Stories

foot cops together and that's why he pulled me into his unit. We were friends too, but I'm a cop first. I bleed blue. Anyway, shame on him that he did that to me, but what are you gonna do? I saw the writing on the wall.

The public should be extremely happy with the way Kelly is running the NYPD, because he's squeezing blood from a stone. He doesn't have the resources, but crime is still down. That said, I also don't think that he and the mayor are treating the men properly. I think they could do a better job of shoring up morale. These cops work their asses off, but they're treated with the same respect that the guys who mop the floors at the municipal building get.

It was a little weird being retired at first. I was driving to my job one day, and I came up on Tenth Avenue. I look in my rearview and I see a radio car moving along pretty fast behind me with the lights on, but no siren. They were trying to be stealthy, so they cut their lights right at the corner, and roll onto this block.

I'm in my little 2004 Honda Civic, and I roll onto the block right behind them! Then I realize: “What the fuck am I doing?” I was ready to roll. It took a little time for that to subside.

One thing I did was stop carrying a badge. Most cops, after they retire, carry a thing called a dupe shield. It's slightly smaller than a normal shield. If you ever need to produce your weapon in plainclothes, it's something you can hold up so the first uniformed cop on the scene doesn't shoot you. Even though I do carry a weapon, and I do work every day in the city in the security field, I no longer carry a badge. It's my personal reminder to myself that I am no longer on the job. I'm not going to whip out a badge anymore and say, “Hey, tough guy—I'm a cop.” I'll still say “tough guy,” but I might get punched in the nose now.

When you're a cop, you're doing God's work. I'm in the corporate security field now, and it's noble work, and I enjoy it. But it isn't God's work. I deal with the cops a lot because of the nature of my job. Like if somebody steals a laptop or something from one of our clients, the police get called and I am the liaison with them. So I still see the guys. I can still go up in the squad room and have a cup of coffee, only now when I hear all the stories, I'm an outsider. It's not as good as when I was in, that's for sure.

The only thing that's better now is that I have more money, so, when we're at the bar, I can pick up a few rounds and save the poor working slob a couple dollars.

JERRY KANE

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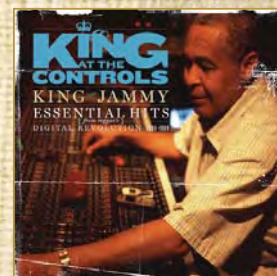
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It's funny how girls spend tens of thousands of dollars on clothes and then getting new clothes and selling the old clothes, when the one we will always love more than anyone is that first girlfriend from 12th grade who wore the same shirt every day and had holes in the soles of her Chucks.



It sucks to abandon your kids and it makes them feel really bad about themselves for their whole lives and they tend to have relationship problems, but as far as aesthetics goes, it's kind of a good look. It's way more FTW than punk or metal, because it's like, "You guys can give all the fingers you want. I AM fucking the world."



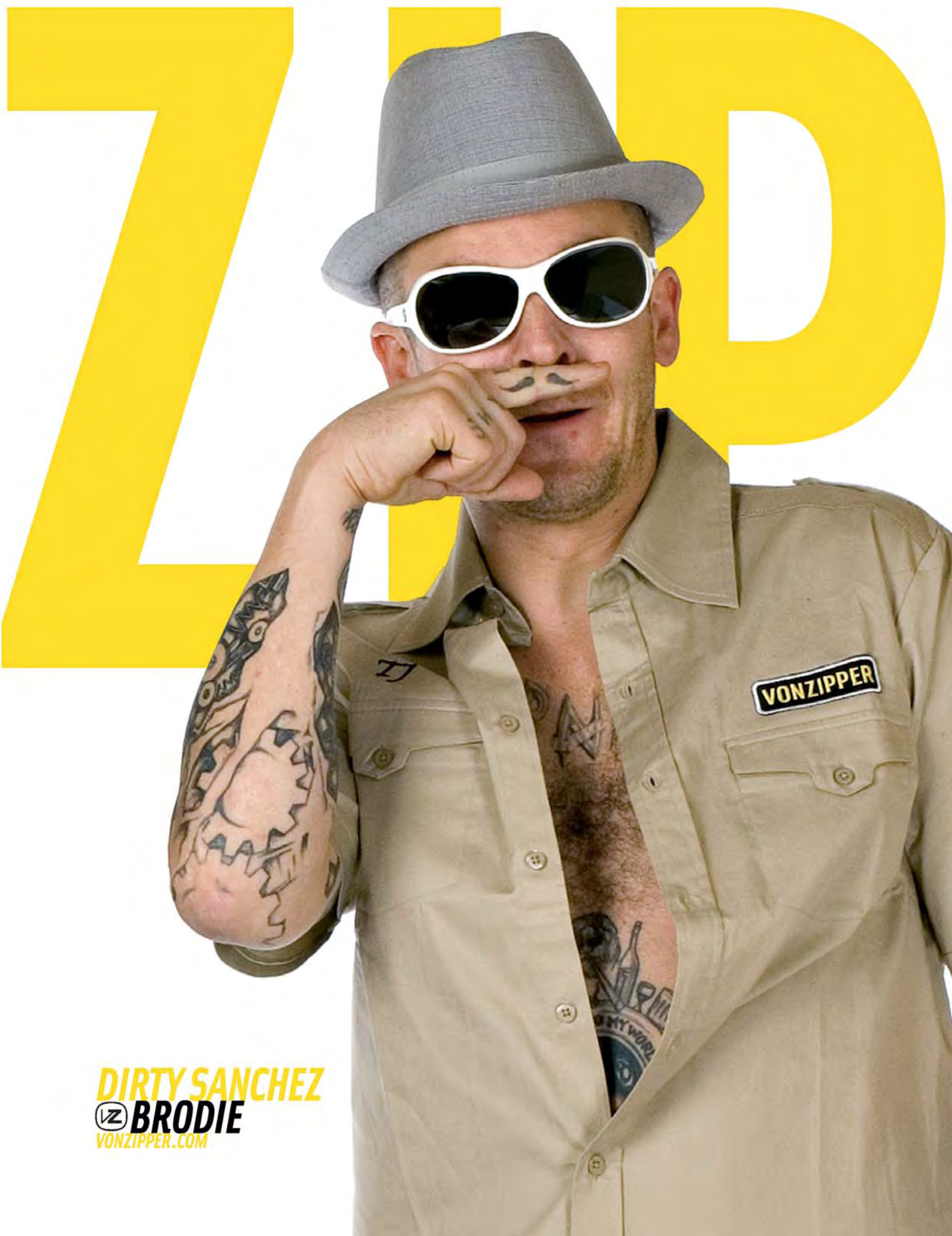
Everyone needs to stop saying things are *ironic*. It implies that your whole existence is this big "Ta da!" where you're really concerned with what everyone thinks about this complex joke you've conjured up. Not only could this guy give two shits if you "get it" or not, there's not even anything to get, so get over it.



This too has nothing whatsoever to do with that stupid word. This is a thing called "partying" and we like it because we can just tell she can keep a secret and things aren't going to be weird the next morning—or even next week, when you run into her at your girlfriend's party.



When hairy bald guys do that thing where they grow a goatee, shave their heads, and then put sunglasses on top of them to simulate bangs it makes them look ashamed of themselves. When guys do the exact opposite of all those things it makes you proud to be a dude.



**DIRTY SANCHEZ**  
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Yes, this is as great as you think it is. Dude is drunk out of his mind at a rock show and DANCING (his ass off) ON THE CEILING! The best part was after the first few seconds when nobody was looking at him anymore and he was just casually bobbing his head like a bat that worked at Pitchfork.



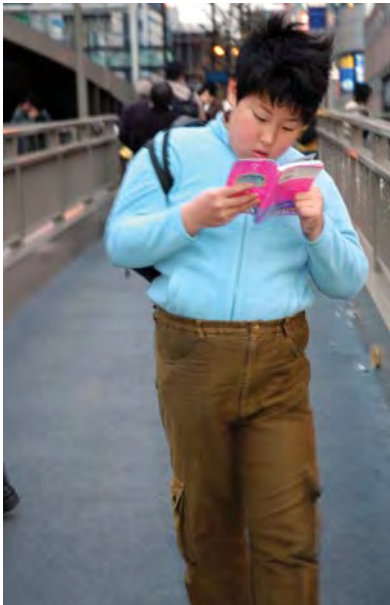
It feels great to buck societal norms and go with your heart. If you feel like you are Lisa-Bonet-fucked-Boy-George, tell your seven-foot-tall body to take a hike. If you feel like a skinny goth kid that's into hip-hop now, throw your middle-age, stockbroker head in the garbage. You're you. A fucking loser. And nothing should hold you back from that.



At first it's funny because you think he doesn't give a fuck, but then you notice he's carefully trimmed his pubic hair. That changes it from "goofin' off" to "advertising my body in a sensual way and hoping women will think my bag is erotic," like a shitty *Austin Powers* joke but serious.



People with dogs are a bummer because they're putting their loneliness on a leash for all the world to see. Guys with baby backpacks are also a downer because they look so de-balled it's worse than loneliness. Then you have guys that are so lonely and de-balled they might as well be this next guy...



Just when you thought nobody gets laid less than you, Mr. Nanopenis waddles past reading a comic book about chefs that compete in outer space. This kid is going to grow up with so little sex his penis is eventually going to become asshole-shaped.



This is how racist non-whites see white chicks (cave bitches), and, frankly, it's pretty insulting. Whoever's brain this is in is totally exaggerating and we resent the implication that girls like this exist.

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That punky June Carter thing can look a little too SF in New York, but when girls do it in Texas it makes you want to become addicted to amphetamines, inspire the world with your songs, and die giving Nashville the finger.



Old punks like Wattie just look like wizened teens with progeria. If you really are down for life, go the way of the Lars Ulrich dad and medieval the shit out of yourself. That means never shaving, ever. No matter how much free shit you get, you fucking cheapass.



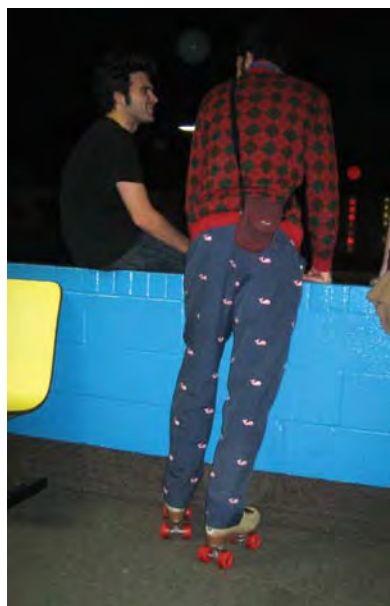
Everything else is going so great we're going to give that short hair a secret pass and let her in here. How many million times better would she be with Sigue Sigue Sputnik hair though? Like, a million.



Beware of really pretty French girls dancing by themselves in snappy little East Village ensembles. The odds of her having a boyfriend are so incredibly high, she might as well have been planted there by a professional You Embarrasser.



We tell girls it's either stilettos that torture your feet or tomboy staples like Rod Lavers, but then we saw hot pink go-go boots with the right pants and totally lost control. Maybe they do know more than us about what we like.



Back in the *Valley Girl* days, preppy meant rich kids that didn't get punk. Now you have "Bad Religion hanging out with Britney Spears/Pink and Rancid helping each other's careers," so preppy is the only thing left. Laugh if you want, but it's gotten so hard to be weird these days you have to practically build a brick wall around yourself and be prepared to zoom over to the new thing at the drop of a trucker hat.

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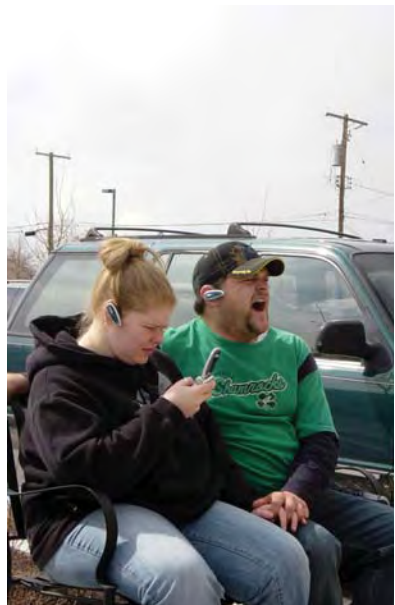




These tourist pigs were on some giant Explore America tour and they were getting on our nerves. Not only do they have to have the same jackets and ponytails, but they fucking pack their backpacks exactly the same way. What else is in there, some anoraks and spare jelly sandwiches and some mittens and binoculars? What can be more depressing than two gross Italians prepared for everything? They make life look like a perpetual first day of school.



Man, that's intense. First "Baloo" dies after only a few years, then the other best friend dies. He can go to shows and do shots and maybe even talk to some chicks, but without his two bros waiting for him, it's just not the same. Those guys were more than just dogs. They were... no wait. They were just dogs. THEY WERE FUCKING DOGS, GUY! MOVE ON.



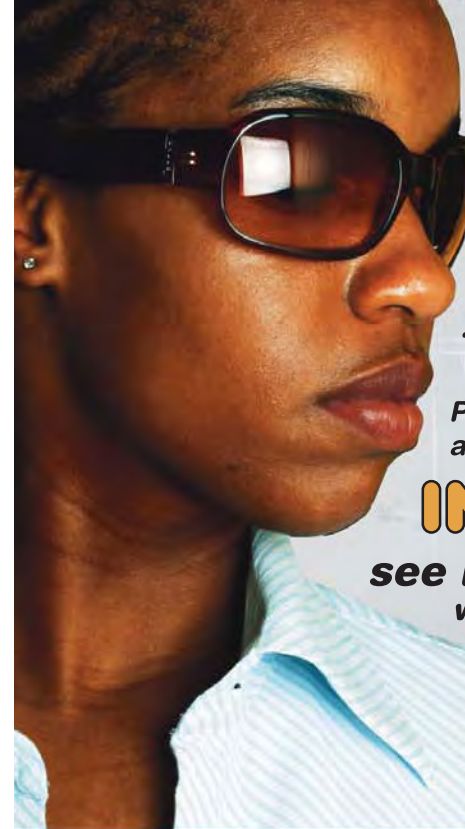
What the fuck do these disgusting pieces of sugar-filled white garbage need Bluetooths for? So the TV can call them? "HEY MOM—WE R STILL IN PARKING LOT—MARKS YAWNING—CAN WE GO—NEED TO GET BACK TO CONT. SHITTY LIVES."



This is like when male crusties get that Maori facial tattoo that looks like a goatee and they don't know it means "married woman." This is a great hippie costume and everything, guy, but you realize you are in drag, right? You are a fucking Earth Tranny.



When guys get pass-out drunk, we all laugh along and go, "Aw, Ryan, you big oaf," because men don't have embryos and it doesn't matter how polluted they get. When women get all *Weekend at Bernie's*, however, it's just not right. It's like she fell asleep at the vagina and that makes all mother's sons feel uncomfortable.



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Oscar the Grouch, the 23rd Precinct's house cat. Photo by Amy Kellner



## RIDING IN CARS WITH BOYS

### Life With the NYPD

YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A COP? IT'S BORING. YOU just drive around all day and occasionally listen to some shitty liar tell you a cockamamie story. Then you get back into the car and drive some more. If you're lucky, the monotony is broken up by a meal. If you're not, it isn't. Here's what we learned riding around with New York cops for 13 hours.

**DAY SHIFT 7 AM to 2 PM**  
**Precinct 23 — Harlem**

**7:00** We arrive hoping to catch roll call, which is apparently the biggest deal, but the mean boss lady with the crisp white shirt and tight ponytail won't let us see it. She asks us if we're there with the DA or the police force trainee something-or-other. We're all, “Um, neither.” “So you're here of your own accord?” she asks. We nod. She shakes her head and walks away.

**8:24** Finally we meet Poncho and Frankie, our cops for the day. Poncho is 24, Latino, and quite a sparkplug. Frankie is 32, Polish, and more of the strong, silent type. They're super polite

to us, and if we're inconveniencing them (which we're sure we are), they don't show it. Poncho opens the back door of the cruiser for us and we hop in. The back seat is so cramped we have to sit Indian-style. We'd heard that we were required to wear bulletproof vests and we ask them where they are. Frankie laughs and says, “Sorry, can't find 'em.” Shrug.

**8:32** We're off! “Hollywood Nights” is blasting on the radio. We're feeling pretty psyched up for this early in the morning. Let's stop crime and save lives!

**8:45** We're crawling at ten miles an hour down empty streets. The buzz is wearing off in a major way. Poncho looks back at us and smirks. “Boring, no?” he asks. “Actually, I prefer it this way. Nice and quiet.” Today is the first day of spring break so it's bound to be slow. On a regular school day, Frankie tells us, we'd already have been called to the local public high school a couple times for “disorderlies.” “They can't handle their own,” he says. “We go and break up fights every day. It's ridiculous.”

**8:56** At a red light, a cab driver starts waving frantically at us. Frankie rolls down his window and the driver shrieks in Spanish for a few seconds. Translation: The woman in his cab is pregnant and her water just broke! Let's roll, boys!

**9:02** We race through the streets with the siren on as the cab follows us. We go through red lights and cars ahead of us pull over like the waves parting for Moses. We even get to go down a one-way street the wrong way!

**9:09** We arrive at Mount Sinai Hospital and they load the pregnant lady into a wheelchair. She is shockingly nonchalant, writing texts





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on her cell as water spreads out all over her Miss Sixty jeans. We're guessing this is not her first birthing experience. Poncho and Frankie wheel her through the hospital like perfect gentlemen, waving to every nurse. They know them all on a first name basis, like, "Hey, Gladys, you taking care of those rickets?" Pretty adorable. We leave, trying not to step in any amniotic fluid on our way out. Ew.

**9:20** Back in the car, our boys fill out all kinds of paperwork. While we're waiting, we hear the dispatcher lady on the radio pronounce Hyundai like "High-unda" and we all crack up for a good five.

**9:50** Poncho and Frankie make sure to wave and smile to a lot of neighborhood locals. It's very *Mr. Roger's Neighborhood*. "We like to know people by their first names around here," explains Poncho. "It's much nicer to say, 'Is there a problem, Mario?' than to say, 'Is there a problem, sir?'"

**9:54** We pull up to another cop car and our boys start flirting with the two lady cops inside. It's smiles for miles. The ladies drop their tough façades and turn into two girls from Queens who just got their nails done. "Hey, don't break my mirror!" the pretty lady cop says when our car pulls up too close to theirs, and they both break out in giggles. "Have fun! Behave yourselves!" the girls shout as we ride off. "Always!" Frankie yells back. We head to McDonald's.

**11:09** "Dust in the Wind" is on the radio. Frankie cranks it. They tell us that there was a call about a female being harassed in Central Park but we missed it because of lunch. Fuck.

**11:22** Poncho and Frankie give a guy a ticket because his brake light is out. "Having a broken taillight can be potentially dangerous," Poncho says. "Sometimes people only look at one of the lights, or sometimes the sun hits it in a way and you can't tell whether or not the car is stopping. This causes accidents." Can't really argue with simple logic.

**11:28** After filling out what seems like a mountain of paperwork, we immediately pull another dude over for another broken taillight. These guys are on fire! They say it's because they just gave the other guy a ticket for the same thing, so it wouldn't be fair if they didn't give this guy a ticket, too. But really it's because Poncho didn't eat anything during lunch. He's cranky. He's got low blood sugar and is now taking it out on society.

**11:42** Ticket given for a double-parking violation. "Poncho," we say, "It's time for you to get a snack." He pulls over to a fruit stand and grabs a pear and some tangerines. What kind of lunch is that?

**12:03** We notice a huge swimming pool in Central Park as we drive by. "Pool duty is the worst," Frankie says. "I had it one day last year. The kids kept trying to push me in the pool. They think it's really funny. Ha ha, push the cop into the pool. Real funny." We look at each other and laugh, because it is pretty funny.

**1:36** We pass a methadone clinic on 103rd and Lexington Avenue and spot a grizzled-looking fellow barfing into a trashcan. "Look, a puking junkie!" we point out, all excited. "That's quite common," Frankie says. Oh.

**1:45** Poncho and Frankie tell us they have to go to court at 2 PM for a traffic violation hearing. Our ride is over. "Well, ladies, it's been a pleasure," they say. On our way back to the precinct, we pass an old woman walking with a little kid holding a balloon. "Happy Easter!" the woman waves to us. "Happy Easter!" Poncho and Frankie wave back. Just another sunny afternoon in El Barrio. As our man Ice Cube says, "Today was a good day." AMY KELLNER & LESLEY ARFIN

**NIGHT SHIFT 4 PM to 12 AM**  
**Precinct 24—Upper West Side**

**3:00** We were told we could be there for roll call, so we show up early. It sounded too good to be true and it was. Civilians can't sit in on roll call, you dummy. That's when they tell secrets like

what color undercover cops will be wearing that day (so when another cop tries to bust them, they can point to their pink belt or whatever it is that day as a way of saying, "Shhh, I'm one of you").

Radio station Hot 97 used to announce the color of the day, which is pretty heavy considering they could only have gotten that information from a cop. They got in shit for it so they switched to paying women to slap each other. Then they got in shit for that, too. Hot 97 rules.

**4:15** They give us bulletproof vests (cool) and we meet our guys. Officer Jones, a short funny bald guy, and Officer Rodriguez, a nerdy Puerto Rican who looks like a badger. Both appear to be in their mid-20s and both appear to be good guys. We're not allowed to take pictures or write stuff down (we still surreptitiously took notes on our Blackberrys—tee hee).

**4:27** The next few hours consist of lots of nothing. We're supposed to be in Harlem like Amy and Lesley were, but we fucked up the application and now we're actually on the other side of Central Park, which is the rich, white, and boring Upper West Side. There are still projects, though. And where there are projects there's action. We're still optimistic we'll see someone die.

**6:15** Dinner is on the horizon. It's amazing how much cops talk about dinner. You'd think it was the only joy in their lives. Jones has chicken primavera back at the "house" [station]. All he has to do is heat it up. Rodriguez is just going to get a slice at Perp Pizza. That's what they call Mama's Pizza on 106th Street because they catch so many bad guys there. Every cop at the 24th Precinct knows Perp Pizza and not one that we talked to knew its real name.

**6:28** Two minutes before mealtime, we get a call. Jones and Rodriguez cringe and say "fuck" like they just got flu shots. We don't realize it yet, but tonight's dinner has just been postponed—forever.

**6:33** We're at a Duane Reade to apprehend a 14-year-old rich girl shoplifter who was trying to steal some fucking nail polish.

**6:40** The "perp" is frantically alternating calls to her mommy and her nanny. Mom's phone is turned off (typical). Eventually the police break it to her that they'll have to call daddy. This is when our hardened criminal releases a primal wail—"FUCK!"—and then buries her face in her hands, sobbing. We're having a very hard time not pissing ourselves at this, so we slip down the aisle where they keep the overstocked Easter candy to catch our breath. But then we hear her sputter, "Can't you guys just drive me home?" and her audacity sends us to the floor in hysterics.

**7:44** After a good hour of bullshit dealing with the Ashlee Simpson of U.W.S. shoplifting, we're back on the beat. Jones and Rodriguez are waiting for a new dinner slot. It's looking like we'll eat at 8:30, but that's assuming nothing goes wrong. It does.

**8:17** We get a call. Some woman was just robbed of \$5,000. Jones goes, "You want some action?" puts on the sirens, and we're off. This is fucking fun. We're whipping through traffic at 50 miles an hour in a giant NYPD SUV. It's great news for us but we can tell our cop bros are bumming. This isn't even their sector and they're losing dinner again. We find out later that the guys who were supposed to be in charge of this area of the precinct were on a bullshit call—a noise complaint or something. That is not on. You're supposed to abandon a bullshit call if something heavy comes in.

**8:21** We're there. Fuck, that was fast. A chubby, cute black girl in her early twenties runs over to the car. She is completely frenzied and making no sense. She's shaking and yelling a stream of

CONTINUED ON PG. 114



Photo by Brenda Staudenmeier



# FUCK THE POLICE

## No, I Mean Really Fuck Them

THIS MONTH I FUCKED THREE MONTREAL COPS JUST FOR the what-the-heck of it. It was kind of like an experiment in hate-fucking, since I am not really fond of the police. I discovered that two out of three of the police officers that I fucked in the past month were molested during their childhood, and that the rest (all one of them) are just sexually deviant.

### COP FUCK NUMBER ONE

We meet at a bar where he's hanging out with co-workers. I'm dressed like a perfect bourgeois office girl. Square heels and all.

He's divorced with three kids. One of his daughters is my age. Hello, creepy! Still, aside from his escalator-shaped forehead, he's a pretty good-looking man.

He says that he has "never done this before" ("this" meaning slept with a random jailbait female stranger), but he reeks of pedophilia and therefore I don't believe it for a second. Also, I can tell he's a quick fuck—the kind of sex where I'll have to go to the bathroom to finish myself off.

Men like him get turned on by silly little girls, so I just laugh at everything he says. I pretend to be impressed when he tells me that he kicked the shit out of some insubordinate punk less than a week ago. He rants about the dumbest crap: "Kids these days have no respect for authority, or even for their parents." A minute with him feels like a year, so I end up getting blind drunk. By the time he asks me to go back home with him, I don't even know my name anymore.

We hop into a cab and he starts caressing my leg like it's a puppy. At his house, I drag him into what I assume is his bedroom. It turns out to be the bathroom. Fine—works for me. I lift up my skirt and he slides his smelly hands in between my legs. For some odd reason, I've never been this wet. He fingers me really hard, and I reach for his cock. He doesn't even have a hard on? Great! I pull down his pants, and whoops—he does have a boner, it just consists of the smallest penis I have ever seen. I could jerk him off with my pinky, which I end up doing. He suddenly flips me around and starts mounting me. (At least I think he does, but I'm not really sure since I can't feel him inside me. It's like getting fucked by air.)

He's moaning and saying, "I'm about to cum" every two seconds. Finally, he pulls out and the most ridiculous drop fizzes out while he yells really loud. It looks like a Q-Tip taking a piss. **This cop gets a 4 out of 10 because he at least got me inexplicably wet.**

### COP FUCK NUMBER TWO

A couple days after my trip to Snoresville, it's time for me to get back on duty. And boy, do I—Agent Jones is quite the catch. Tall, with dark brown hair and an ass that would make a whore skip an entire night of work just for a glance. He's also surprisingly nice, knows what punk rock is, and just turned 27 years young.

It takes four dates before he lets me come over. I had to sit through *The Hills Have Eyes*, a Mexican dinner that gave us both food poisoning, and a walk at the mall (What's up, 1987!). I actually start to fall for him when he takes me to his Batmobile one night and we access my file through his police computer. He laughs when he discovers I got in several fights and got arrested for possession of narcotics when I was 19. Hanging out with him is so much fun.

I think that maybe if you can snag a cop when he's young and fresh out of the academy, you'll be OK. It's the years on the job that turn these guys into lousy lays. Just a theory.

On our fifth date, we watch a movie at his house and start making out. I try the aggressive, "We've been wanting each other for so long now—let's fuck" approach, but he won't budge. We talk for another hour or so, but I finally get too impatient, so I just unzip him and go to work giving him a blowjob. He just sits there and plays with my hair. He's huge and I gag on every bite, but he seems to enjoy it. He moves between my legs and rips my panties free. Hurray! It's on.

We run to his bedroom and have the cutest lovey-dovey sex. He comes all over my back and we kiss goodnight. I sleep over because his condo smells like warm bread. Breaking my own self-prescribed "no sleepovers" law with a cop seems kind of ironic. I sneak out in the morning and think to myself that it's too bad I'll never see him again.

**This guy gets an 8 out of 10. One point off for taking so long to get down to it, and another point off for kind of fucking like a wimp.**

### COP FUCK NUMBER THREE

The next week, a friend calls me up and invites me to her DJ night at this gay bar near my house. I decide to go. Lesbians are really fun.

I get introduced to a million girls and they're all pretty cute, but I'm not in the mood for muff diving, so I just get sauced on vodka-cran and chat with my friend. She points at a girl on the dance floor and mentions that she's a cop. Immediately, there's a fucking halo of white light shining around her. I run to the dance floor and shake my ass against hers. Right away, we start making out. It's fucking unreal—she's so cute! She's tall and a bit chubby, probably 30 to 32, and her tits are huge. I ask her to come home with me, and she refuses! I keep asking and drinking and asking. No dice.

I am about ready to drop some GHB in her drink when she finally agrees and we walk back to my house. We then proceed to have the BEST SEX EVER. There's lots of sex toys and porn watching. Her fingers taste like Aunt Jemima's syrup; I suck on them like they're the last things I'll ever have in my mouth. She eats me out like I paid her to do it.

After I tie her up with yellow rope then lay on top of her and dildo-rape her while she pinches my tits and fingers me, we drift off to slumberland. This woman was a revelation. When we finished, there was so much saliva, pussy juice, and poop stains on my bed that we could have baked a cake with the residue. We both felt concussed. I kissed her goodbye and it tasted like candy. I want to see her again.

**This lady cop gets a solid, unequivocal 10 out of 10. I think she might have made me into a dyke.**

MARIE-ELAINE GUAY

## Girls Who Fuck Pigs

### ANN, 17

**Vice: Were you attracted to the guy because he was a cop?**

**Ann:** Yeah, duh! It's the whole thing with the man in uniform—it's a turn on, the manly-man thing.

**What about his job got in the way of your relationship?**

He worked nights, so he'd always be sleeping during the day. I'd only see him after he got off, which would be like 4 AM. My friends didn't like him because he was such a stereotypical cop.

**Was he a good maker-outer at least?**

Once we were in his car outside of Safeway, and I moved in and we started kissing. I moved his hand underneath my shirt and bra, and it was like he was a total virgin at it. He didn't know how to even attempt foreplay. Eventually we stopped because he felt weird being in a public space. He was totally paranoid.

### BECKY, 20

**How was your cop in bed?**

Really dull. He wasn't into foreplay or anything. He was a mission-ary-for-five-minutes-and-fall-asleep kind of guy. It's probably one of the main reasons we broke up.

**Was he fun to hang out with?**

Nope. He used to get insanely jealous all the time, and even though he sucked in bed, he must have had a kinky mind, because he had the largest collection of porn I have ever seen in my life. Just stacks and stacks and stacks of nudie magazines.

### JAMIE, 22

**What about his job got in the way of your relationship?**

Cops have a reputation for being cheaters. I've heard somewhere that they are the biggest cheaters around. He slept around, and I was finding this out because he wouldn't even *pay* for it... he sent me the hotel bills from where he had sex with her. And when I confronted him about it, he said that he was in love—which was total bullshit, because she filed a restraining order against him on account of him being such a huge asshole.

**Sounds like a fucking dick.**

He had all these issues because of the stress of his job, so he would just take it out on me and my daughter. He would lecture us for a *minimum* of five hours at a time. I could not take that.

### PAM, 30

**Why did you and your cop break up?**

He was fucking crazy. He used to hurl things at me, like books, and throw these fucking bitch fits.

**How was he in bed?**

He always had to be on top, and he didn't care if I came or not. At first the violent fucking was really hot. But after a while he'd just throw the off-switch as fast as he could and go to sleep. That was cheap.

**What's the worst thing he ever did?**

Once we went to a 7-Eleven and I told him I wouldn't kiss him if he got this pickled sausage thing, and he got really mad and slapped me in the store. Everyone just kind of stared at him like he was the biggest asshole on the planet, and he got really embarrassed and stormed out.

INTERVIEWS BY STEPHANIE FOO





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## PINK PATROL

### And You Think I'm Crazy?

I'VE BEEN A POLICE OFFICER FOR OVER TEN YEARS NOW. Soon I'll be a supervisor, and I'm ready for it. I'm a big, tall guy with an authoritative voice and a large "command presence." I carry myself well, I have a strong base of knowledge, and when I make a decision, I stick to it. Oh, and I also happen to be as gay as a sunset.

I enjoy being a cop. We're not just here to catch criminals. We're here to help the community and support the public. And the public can be a lot weirder than I am.

I had a call a few weeks ago to a dispute between two neighbors. A whole family of Latina women was claiming that the lady downstairs practices black magic and put a curse on them. They were terrified. I told them there wasn't much I could do, since their claim had no physical evidence and no basis in law. People believe in big brother and aliens and all kinds of weird shit. I went to one guy's apartment and every square inch was covered in aluminum foil—even the windows. He thought that it deflected the rays that the aliens are using to try and read his mind.

Another time we got a call because someone was screaming in an apartment. We busted in the door and found this guy with bloody scratches all over his face. He told us that tiny, two-foot-

tall, half-man, half-animal creatures were attacking him. He claimed that they came out of the other room and tried to take him with them, and when he refused they jumped on him and mauled his face. He pointed at his bedroom, and I went in there. There was a bulge under his blanket. I have to admit, there was this little part of me that was really curious. I've seen too many movies, and I was kind of hoping to see a bunch of little half-man monsters under that blanket. I moved it with my baton: Nothing. Oh well.

Cockroaches are a major part of what cops have to deal with. There are always critters on the wall and overhead. I'm on a call one night to a domestic dispute, speaking with this lady in her hallway. Right in front of me is her kitchen, and there are roaches everywhere. There's a frying pan on the stove filled with sloppy joe. While I'm talking with the lady, her son, maybe fifteen or sixteen years old, walks into the kitchen. He grabs the pan, which has about a dozen decent-size roaches in it, and taps the spoon on its rim until the roaches leave. Then he scoops some sloppy joe onto his hamburger bun and walks away chomping on it. It's really hard to pay attention to a woman in distress when this is happening out the corner of your eye.

Of course we also see a lot of dead bodies. I got this call one time because a guy's relative didn't return his calls for a week or so. We go to his place and force our way in. We walk into the kitchen and we see the outline of a head and it's coming from

CONTINUED ON PG. 114



# Dead By Dawn

SUMMER '06



Illustrations: Soner On for MISHKA™ [www.mishkanyc.com](http://www.mishkanyc.com)







**And what do you go to school for?**

First I went to McAllister's and majored in Funeral Services. Now I'm at John Jay double majoring in Forensic Psych and Forensic Science. My uncle was an anthropologist, and he used to go on archaeological digs in Cyprus and all these cool places and come back with amazing finds from ancient cultures. That was always really interesting to me. Then, in high school, I discovered that I have a real knack for biology.

**What's your favorite class?**

Developmental Psychology and Theories of Personality are pretty good. It's interesting to see how little things that happen so early in your development can affect you in the long run. Then again, those classes really make you paranoid because you start diagnosing yourself with every disorder in the textbook and trying to trace the origins to all your neuroses. Not cool.

**What's your favorite gun?**

I learned on my dad's beautiful .30-06 Benelli, so I have a soft spot for it. I definitely prefer rifles to pistols. I like shooting as a sport—I shot a .25 air rifle for my school's precision shooting team, and they're fun. It's kind of therapeutic because you really have to focus and block everything out to hit a bullseye on a two-inch target from ten meters away. But shooting a 9mm rifle is a totally different kind of fun.

**What do you think of the NYPD?**

I think that what we have here is definitely better than the blatantly corrupt police I witnessed in Armenia, where my family is from, and a lot of other ex-USSR countries.



**What led you to study forensics?**

I always had an interest in it. I remember being a Nancy Drew girl as a kid, and then, later on, I'd only read true crime books like John Douglas's *Obsession* and mystery novels like Mary Higgins Clark's.

**And what do you do for a living now?**

I recently graduated with a B.S. in Forensic Science and landed a position as a forensic technician. That's the entry-level position for a person in my field. I assist forensic scientists in the examination of evidence, which consists of everything from a victim's clothing to the weapons used in a criminal act. I also assist analysts in processing DNA evidence, which is usually the second part of testing in cases of rapes, homicides, and burglaries.

**What's your favorite gun to shoot?**

When I want to be precise on my target and practice accuracy, I like to use a 22-caliber pistol. When I want more of a challenge, I use a SIG-Sauer .40. It's a 40-caliber handgun that packs a lot of punch. It's really fun shooting it with one hand.

**What do you think of the NYPD?**

New York's a tough city to be a police officer in, so I give credit to those that are part of the NYPD.





**You're still in school?**  
Yeah. I'm majoring in Forensic Psychology. I want to understand why people murder or destroy. But I don't think I want to make it into a living—it's just something I like studying.

**Oh, so do you have a job besides school?**  
I work in retail. American Apparel. You might have heard of it.

**What's your favorite class?**  
It's math, and it always will be. I'm a big fucking dork.

**What do you think of the NYPD?**  
I used to think they were all assholes. You know like, "Fuck the Police" and all that hood shit. Then I dated one a few times and I got to see that they're really just lost children who want to do something with their lives and help a few people. You have to give them some respect because they have to be the good guys who help the people in need. But then they also have to be the bad guys who bust kids for hopping turnstiles when they could be catching sickos who touch little children. So I don't know.



**So... what's your major?**  
Well, I graduated. I majored in Forensic Science with a concentration in Criminalistics at John Jay College. I was first inspired to study this stuff when I took a class called Human Origins at NYU, which touched upon some elements of forensic anthropology. Plus some forensics shows, like HBO's *Autopsy*, got me interested.

**What do you do now?**  
I can't say where exactly I work, but I can say that I'm a lab technician at an eye bank. I help doctors find corneas for transplant. I do this by either importing corneas from other states, or actually recovering corneas from people who have passed away and whose family decided to donate. Occasionally, I recover whole eyes to be used in researching eye diseases.

**Oh. My. Fucking. God. That is so cool.**  
Pretty much.

**How does it work?**  
I look through the patient's medical chart to make sure they have no medical contraindications to donation. Then I proceed to the body, which is usually in the morgue. I take blood samples and then clean the area around the donor's eyes. Then I set up my sterile field, scrub, and perform an aseptic corneal excision (removing just the cornea) or enucleation (removal of the entire eye). I then reconstruct the eye to its original shape using a prosthetic eye cap.

**You rule. Have you shot guns a lot before?**  
When I interned with the NYPD Crime Lab before I graduated, I shot a submachine gun in their shooting range. That gun scared the shit out of me; it was so powerful.







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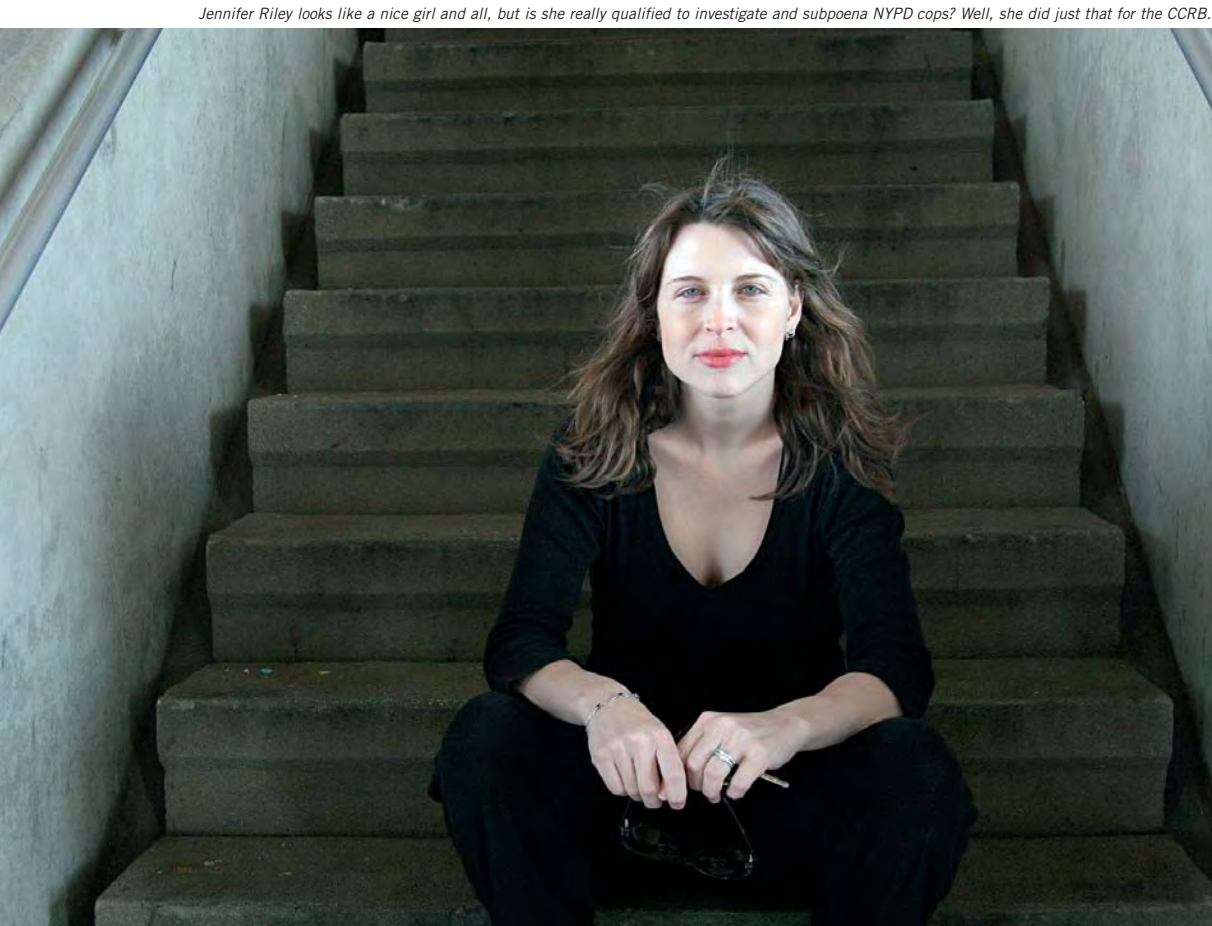
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# POLICING THE POLICE

## And You Thought 911 Was a Joke

THERE ARE OVER EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE LIVING IN NEW York City. A lot of them of are felons, murderers, rapists, drug traffickers, gunrunners, petty criminals, muggers, drug abusers, thieves, or degenerates. Oh, and don't forget those involved in terrorism, organized crime, and gang activity. New York has a massive criminal community that's armed, coordinated, and at war with your property, safety, and liberty. It's a regular militia of scumbags.

Then, in this corner, serving as the only shield between these predators and you, is the New York City Police Department. Forty-thousand strong, the NYPD represents a formidable army: Forty-thousand souls armed, organized, and trained to think of others as either victims or perpetrators.

When these two warring factions clash, paperwork flies. For every arrest a New York cop makes, there are a million negotiations and bureaucratic skirmishes. The *Daily News*, the *Post*, and *Fox News at Five* may inform the majority of public opinion of our cops, but they can't lodge formal complaints, subpoena police officers, or instigate proceedings that could strip them of their badges. The Civilian Complaint Review Board, however, can.

Established in 1993 as an independent governmental agency composed entirely of civilians, the CCRB is charged with deciphering the truth about allegations of police misconduct. There are 130 badge-carrying investigators employed by the Board for this purpose. And just who are these investigators? Are they hardened experts on legality, brutality, and policing? Um, no. They are fresh-off-the-vine college kids.

With few openings and the promise of an amazing resume-booster, CCRB positions are clamored after by recent Ivy-League grads. Unlike both the cops and the bad guys they concern themselves with, CCRBers are rich, white suburbanites with little to no knowledge of New York's criminal underworld. Former CCRB investigator and native Oklahoman Jennifer Riley told *Vice* that "very few of the investigators are even from the state of New York. Their ideas about the NYPD are largely based on what they've seen on TV."

There's a two-year mandate for new CCRB hires, and most of them take off as soon as that time is up. According to one former employee (a young woman now studying for her master's in an unrelated field at a prestigious grad school) most of her co-workers left the CCRB to continue their education or to find better-paying jobs. Their tenure on the board serves mostly as a conversation piece on their resume.

Supervising these transients is a team with an established agenda. Managers are often hired out of retirement from the NYPD or other law-enforcement agencies. If not former officers themselves, they are often related to policemen. Kind of a con-





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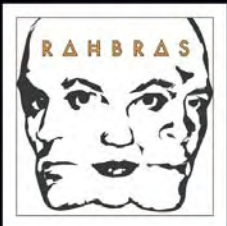
**The Grey**  
*Asleep At The Wheel CD*

The Grey is a melodic rock quartet from Canada featuring ex-members of Shotmaker and Three Penny Opera. With influences ranging from Fugazi and Seawood to Nick Cave and Neil Young, their full length, *Asleep at the Wheel*, casts a wide net. Listeners can be assured that powerfully charged hints of styles, new and established, can be found in their post-rock approach.



**Haram**  
*s/t LP/CD*

Haram's spectacular debut full-length cobbles together disparate aspects of punk and noise to conjure something wholly cohesive and engaging. Unrelenting and forward, the group's new record possesses a mature, tempered confidence that only comes with experience and do-it-yourself resolve. Haram features former members of Majority Rule, Pg. 99, and City of Caterpillar, among others.



**Rah Bras**  
*WHOHM CD*

Genre-defying audio promiscuity has fermented into the anvil-drop-rock of 2005's *WHOHM*. Heavy synths grind and squeal upon pure propulsion as lyrics wax solipsistic over the cyclical nature of all modern man's foibles. With rogue song structures and plenty of surprises around every corner, Rah Bras continue to master the art of not boring themselves by subjugating the rock idiom to their every whim.



**Denali**  
*Pinnacle DVD*

Contains over 85 minutes of content including: 44 minute concert, videos for "Hold Your Breath" and "Relief," alternate angles for "The Instinct" and "Normal Days," over 150 pictures, 2 home movies show by the band and a hidden easter egg.

Coming soon: Ben Davulder\_ark - Split, Engine Down - DVD, Pinebender - Full Length, Lovitt Transmission: Volume 2 DVD

flict of interest. Alice\*, a former CCRB investigator who left the board short of her two-year commitment, says, "Because of their personal relationships with officers 'on the job,' supervisors almost never agree to sign their names to a substantiation. In fact, after working at the CCRB for over a year, none of my substantiations was approved. My supervisor's brother was a high-ranking member of the NYPD. Go figure."

Jennifer agrees with this assessment: "Of the 13 members on the board, the mayor appoints five, and five are appointed by the city council. You can be sure the city council appointees aren't going to go against the mayoral appointees. The other three are appointed by the police commissioner, but guess what? The mayor appoints the commissioner! It all goes back to the mayor."

But the bias on the CCRB comes from both sides. We talked to three more former CCRB employees—black New Yorkers who grew up in poor neighborhoods and often found themselves victims of what they perceived as subtle police harassment, if not direct intimidation. One of them, George\*, told *Vice* that he joined the CCRB to "right the wrongs [he'd] experienced and to serve as a voice for those who could not speak for themselves." That's nice and all, but it doesn't really embody the spirit of impartiality. George goes on, "As an investigator, you're supposed to suspend your disbelief while interviewing the complainant. That means that you just ask questions without being confrontational about inconsistencies. On the other hand, my fellow investigators would go into interviews with cops ready to do battle."

The CCRB's investigations are made even more difficult (and suspect) by a lack of resources. Unlike the Internal Affairs Bureau, which has access to all police records and systems, the CCRB must file requests to see reports or other information. Jenn tells us that the NYPD went so far as to eliminate CCRB access to the arrest database, citing "privacy" concerns. "This hampered investigation in many ways," she says. With so little physical evidence, most CCRB investigations consist of interviews with the complainants, witnesses, and officers involved in allegations. Investigators are taught to do a "credibility analysis" in which they inventory the elements of each side's story to determine which seems more accurate and factual. But, honestly, how is a college kid with three weeks of cursory training going to penetrate the NYPD's infamous "blue wall of silence"? They aren't, that's how. According to the CCRB employees we interviewed, however, the cops' reluctance to speak was nothing compared to the lying and stonewalling practiced by the complainants.

Plenty of crazies call the CCRB to report that a cop has planted a radio dish in their head, but sometimes even legitimate victims have difficulty making their cases plain. Why would someone who has—for right or wrong—attracted police attention feel comfy speaking with a suburban baby? Put more simply, why would a black man feel comfortable talking to a white child about a complaint he is making against a white cop? According to one of our sources, "The CCRB investigators are mostly white people investigating white officers from complaints filed by blacks and Hispanics. Race is the most important issue at play." The lack of common ground and shared experience between investigators, cops, and complainants is as big as New York City itself.

Investigators are sent to the communities and homes of the alleged victims of police misconduct. These are places where cops are forbidden from going without backup, and the CCRB is sending apple-cheeked college kids in with just a CCRB badge for protection. One such employee, a young, attractive girl from Rhode Island, told *Vice* about several times that she found herself in "a horseshoe-shaped housing project with a female co-worker, knocking on doors in an unlit hallway."

Frank, another ex-CCRBer, says that the CCRB "takes all complaints—most of which are BS. I mean, the discourtesy complaints mean nothing more than that the officer used profanity. We're supposed to care that a cop cursed?" Another CCRB vet concurs: "We're talking about individuals who are mad at cops, mad at the system, and mad that they got caught with weed. But their anger does not equal a valid complaint."

Still, a recent *New York Post* article said that the number of complaints that the CCRB received this year increased dramatically from last year. Until a serious scandal finally erupts, it seems the CCRB will truck along unimpeded. CRAIG DERSHOWITZ

\*Lots and lots of names were changed to protect the anonymity of the subjects.

## A Cop's Eye View of the CCRB

The CCRB is the single most demoralizing thing about being an NYC cop.

Deep down, most cops will agree that there needs to be some procedure to file a complaint against a police officer. Every job in the universe has its bad apples. However, we resent the fact that all the investigators are civilians. The oversight boards of judges, doctors, and lawyers all include investigators who actually DO those jobs. Imagine a CCRB for doctors composed of people with no medical training. Sounds crazy, right?

These crack investigators that stand in judgment of us are little kids dressed in jeans and sweatshirts with notes scribbled on a folded-up piece of paper. I was once "investigated" by a 22-year-old girl wearing shredded jeans and a nose ring. Many CCRB investigators don't even understand basic law and are shocked when we tell them, "Yes, we did that—and it's perfectly legal." You'd think they would at least be up to speed on what procedures are and aren't against the law.

But here is what really angers us: A CCRB allegation is not considered "sworn testimony." Thus, even if it's blatantly false, the person who made the allegation can't be brought up on any charges. Therefore, there's no safeguard against or penalty for out-and-out lying. Anyone can say anything.

All allegations, regardless of outcome, stay on our permanent records and affect our future career paths. A CCRB investigation never goes away.

And if—god forbid—you're involved in a shooting, the press is sure to say, "Officer Your-Name-Here has been the subject of several prior complaints, including two involving excessive force." So, despite the fact that none of these charges were substantiated and the allegations came from career criminals who fought you after taking umbrage at yet another arrest, you're painted as a problem officer.

Every cop in the academy is taught the acronym FADO. It stands for "excessive Force, Abuse of authority, Discourtesy, and Offensive language." These are the offenses that come under the purview of the CCRB. The first two are legit—we are taught to use the minimum force necessary and certainly nobody should abuse his authority. But look at the second two: How the hell do you define discourtesy? Some people say we are discourteous if we tell them to have a good day after issuing a summons. Some say we are discourteous if we DON'T talk to them after issuing a summons. And come on: Can you really "courteously" place someone under arrest?

The offensive language one is also amusing: Suddenly hardened criminals are offended by the words "fuck" and "shit." People can curse a blue streak at us and it falls under the First Amendment. We, of course, enjoy no such protection. OFFICER LEO FEARPINI



Photo by Chris Glancy



# CONSPIRACY THEORIZING

## Rick Ross Ain't Talking

RICK ROSS IS A MONSTER. IN FACT, THE CONSPIRACY-MINDED blog *The Black Operative* alarmingly described him as hip-hop's new Frankenstein—a cross between Freeway's beard, Suge Knight's intimidation factor, and Young Jeezy's street credentials. Now, three things need to be noted about this rhyming behemoth. Firstly, his breakout single "Hustlin'" is undoubtedly the best song of the year. Powered by a screwed-up hook and wailing organs (not to mention a post-no homo nod to the expression "ayo"), this record sums up everything that hip-hop has to offer in 2006. Secondly, he's from Miami. Aside from perhaps Trick

Daddy, there's never been a bona fide, gritty-ass gangsta rapper from the city known for its booty clap and lavish studio hideouts. Ross promises that his debut, *Port of Miami*, will be to Dade County what *AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted* was to Compton. Thirdly, he's Def Jam's newest artist. His critics' pick status is akin to Juelz's standing a little over a year ago, and, following last year's Jeezy blueprint, Ricky's expecting to be catapulted to fame after a summer release. Come September, Rick Rizzle the rich nizzle will be everywhere. That said, does anybody realize where he got his name? Here's the deal: The original Rick Ross, AKA Freeway Rick (no relation to the Roc's Freeway), is credited with spearheading the mid-80s crack epidemic in South Central LA. By the late 80s, this ultimate hustler's operations were burgeoning all the way through the Midwest. So far, everything's fine and dandy. However, during a 90s prison sentence, Freeway Rick became a government informant. Now that's a no-no. In a climate where rap's rallying cry is "stop snitching," and folks like Shyne and Lil Kim are serving time for refusing to open their mouths, it's

maybe not the most prudent choice for a rapper to name himself after a rat. But fear not, Miami's Rick Ross actually has very few words for the po-po. Instead, in a strange twist of events, he's focusing all his energy on combating the actual law that got Freeway Rick indicted.

### Vice: What do you think about cops?

**Rick Ross:** I can't remember the last time I thought about a cop. I ain't gonna even lie. I ain't even got no opinion of them motherfuckers. They do what they do, man, them motherfuckers hustlin' too. I stay out of their way.

### Is there anything special about the police in Miami?

I just know how to bob and weave them motherfuckers down there. I was in Atlanta last week and, you know, they're standing out in the intersections and shit, it's a different kind of police presence. In Miami, you ain't gonna just have cops standing in the intersections, directing traffic when there's already a traffic signal there. But them police go hard in Atlanta.

### What's with the "stop snitching" trend? Nobody talked about that ten years ago.

That shit wasn't an issue then. But now cats really do be informants and rats and agents and all that shit. See, that's different from the police. An informant and a rat and an agent, it's different from a policeman that's doing a job or whatever. You know I ain't got no opinion of police—motherfuckers got to do what they got to do. I don't have no words for them. I don't speak to them; I just go about my business, you feel me? Whenever I got arrested, I didn't speak to the officer. I wasn't gonna explain my case to him. Whatever, take me.

But informants, now, they're the bitches I hate. They the rat, slimy son-of-a-bitches. They'll get you more times than the police.

### But your M.O. is no talking.

I'm a keep it real. Once a motherfucker grabs you and puts them cuffs on you, you're going down anyway. So all that pleading and explaining? Just save all that shit. Shut the fuck up and go wherever they're gonna take you. That's your best bet. That's just my opinion. Now I see motherfuckers all the time getting their hands cuffed and start crying, talking about their kids and shit. That shit don't help, man. You done committed the crime. Go and get your bond money ready.

### If you could change one law, which law would it be?

The conspiracy law. If I could change one law—and you can mark my words—one day, I'm a do something about the conspiracy law. That's the law that says that the federal government can charge you with a crime for even discussing it, considering it, you know? For thinking about it. Let's say this driver was an undercover FBI agent. **(To the driver:)** Not saying that you aren't, cuz you might be. But I won't act like I don't know. **(Back to Vice:)** So let's say, for instance, if he was an undercover FBI agent and I asked you the wrong questions in front of him. Like this: Where you from?

**Me? The Bronx, my nigga.**

How much kilograms of cocaine go for in the Bronx?

### I ain't snitchin'. X amount.

OK, you said, "X amount." Then I say I'm interested in buying one. And you say OK. You just conspired to distribute cocaine. And under the federal guidelines, that'll get you a minimum of 10 to 25 or life in federal prison. For quoting a price and saying yes. "Yes" is your conviction. And they got a 98-percent rate of conviction. You're finished. You know how many people they sweep up every year like that? You're through; you're finished. You just conspired. You just broke a federal law. You just conspired to distribute cocaine. You're a drug dealer. You deserve 25 years. Or if you're black, you'll get life. Just for talking.

### Wow.

Then they got what they call enhancements. That's like your priors. You might've gotten picked up when you were 17 for prostitution, you ain't gotta lie. You might have a little knife charge or something. Those enhance you. So now you don't just get 25 years, but because of the prostitution and the knife charge you had, that brought you up five more points, so you might just get life. And that's what's been going on and that's what's cleaning up, most definitely, the black community—and ain't nobody doing nothing about it.

### This law wasn't always around, was it?

That's what I'm telling you. That's some shit that started in the late 80s, when the FBI shit came into play and all that. When they talk about federal indictments, what they don't tell you is that it's a bullshit charge called conspiracy. I can see if it was possession; that's two different things. Now that's fair. Now if you brought a kilogram when I asked you and we got caught, yeah, that's a different thing. But

the sad part about this shit is that so many people get set up, they don't even know what really convicted them. It's just fucked up, phone taps and shit. Motherfuckers ask you some shit on the phone like, "Hey boy I need a Dan Marino." You be like, "Yeah, yeah, yeah it's all good." You just agreed to give me a quarterback. Dan Marino is a quarterback for a football team, right? A quarter out a kilo is nine ounces. And what's wrong with somebody that call and ask you: "Hey man, you got a quarterback?"

**Ross's manager E-Class:** And that's when the hip-hop police come in and tell them what that means.

**Rick:** Yeah, "Oh damn, he just asked him for a quarterback, a Dan Marino jersey, that's a quarter key." That's the slang. That's conspiring. Boom, you're finished.

**E-Class:** They got regular niggas telling the real police what they're talking about.

**Rick:** Rats. You're finished. The conspiracy law. Crazy, yo.

### I'm speechless. Any other law you'd like to change?

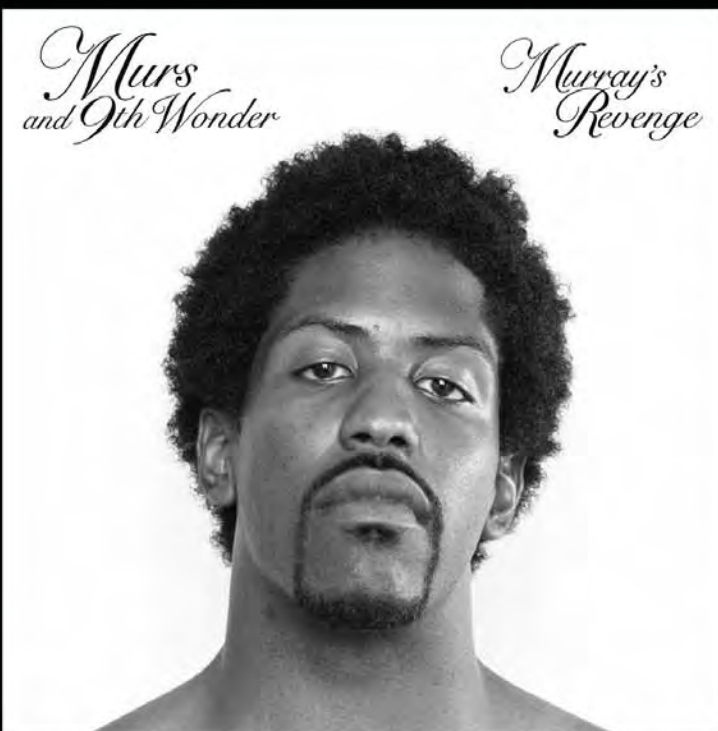
I might legalize prostitution. It's legal everywhere. If them hoes want to suck a dick, let 'em suck a dick. If they need to make a few bucks, let 'em. Everybody need a Lewinski.

### MACHO

*Rick Ross's Port of Miami is out this summer on Def Jam. Freeway Rick Ross is serving life.*



# Murs and 9th Wonder Murray's Revenge



"The sonic chemistry between 9th and Murs is evident from jump" - XXL

"Where Murs is a great storyteller he's an even better lyricist who makes good on his claim of being better than your favorite rapper..." - ELEMENTAL

"Murs is a star in waiting" - SLC WEEKLY

"..this gem leaves you wanting more" - ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

[www.murs316.net](http://www.murs316.net)

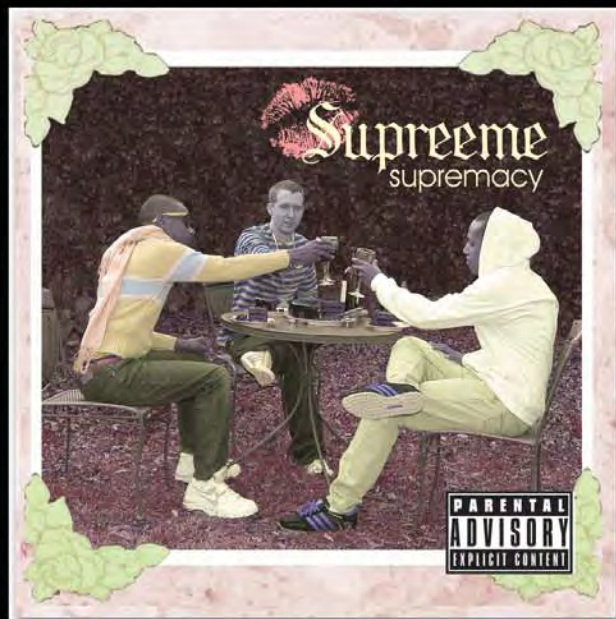
ON TOUR WITH MURS

# Supreme

THE DEBUT ALBUM

# supremacy

OUT NOW



**COPS: Their Lives in Their Own Words**  
Mark Baker

We're probably giving the game away a bit (or totally) here, but without this book, this issue of *Vice* wouldn't have been done. I mean, Jesus, look at the cover there. Now look at our cover. Snapperdoodle!

This gold mine of amazing stories was published in 1985. That was just a little before our editor's step-grandfather, who was a cop in the blighted shithole of Camden, New Jersey, gave him this book to read, muttering as he handed it over, "This is what it's really like."

And holy shit, is it ever. *COPS* is a compilation of policemen and women telling their stories in their own words. Completely unmitigated. It is like having cop after cop after cop sit you down at their favorite neighborhood bar and tell you their funniest, saddest, and craziest story. *COPS* is an essential document of 20th-century Americana, and that's why we decided to rip it off.

(You can usually find used copies of *COPS* on Amazon for like two bucks. Seriously, buy it. Buy a few and give them out as gifts to your friends who like things that are amazing, smart, and funny. Also, go ahead and buy Mark Baker's equally essential *NAM*, in which he gives the *COPS* treatment to a real oopsie of a war.)

VICE STAFF

Here are some of our favorite gems from *COPS*...

**ON THE ORIGIN OF MUSTACHES**, page 133

"Every now and then in the decoy section, you want a woman victim, so we have to dress up one of the guys. He is drafted to be the woman. The guys outsmarted me at first. They started growing mustaches. Before long, they all had one, so I had to draw the line. Somebody has to cut their mustache off."

**ON PUSSIES**, page 19

"That's what makes me crazy about the peace demonstrations that I see with 'Ban This and Ban That Because We're All Brothers,' and all that stuff. Jesus, go down ten blocks from here and you won't find your brother down there."

**ON PUSSY**, page 20

"I don't think I locked up a guy the first year on the force without fucking his wife, girlfriend, or mother."

**ON BODYBAGS**, page 37

"... It's either going to be me or you or somebody else who has to do this thing. So I go up and I do it and I bring them down and I put them in the van."

**ON LAUGHS**, page 61

"We spun around and got behind them in a high-speed chase down a big old twisty, winding country road. No street lights, no nothing. We finally ran them to the ground. They pulled over and stopped. It was a 14-year-old and a 13-year-old-kid... they were armed with a .22 pistol that they'd shot at the guy they stole the car from."

We jerked them out of the car and frisked them down... I flipped open the back door and was getting ready to throw them in and this kid—a 13-year-old—turned around, looked me in the eye, and said, 'What about my rights?'

... Anyway you look at it, there was a lot of adrenaline flowing. John and I sat there and looked at each other. Then we just busted out laughing. 'What about my rights?'"

**ON LATE CONFESSIONS**, page 118

"You can't even confess to me now. Unless a lawyer comes and agrees. And then if the lawyer agrees, some judge is going to say that the lawyer wasn't competent and throw out the case."

**ON LOVING THE BAD GUYS**, page 151

"The woman from across the street who called us in the first place was quoted in the newspapers talking about what a good guy this fellow was. One of our investigators asked her, 'Ma'am, did you look at your car out there? There's a bullet hole in the fender. Do you recall where your little girl was, on her tricycle, when this whole thing started?'"

**ON BEING JADED**, page 297

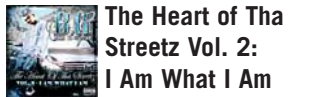
"Whatever it is that drives people to religion is what you experience. And yet you're in a position where you can't accept religion, because you can't function that way. The job runs against every good impulse you ever had."



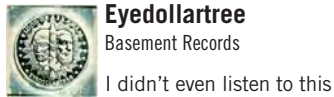


**King**  
Grand Hustle/Atlantic  
I'm a go on record and

B.G. 7



## Blood of Abraham 7



**M-1** **6.5**



Cex 0



## Matmos 3



Daedelus 4



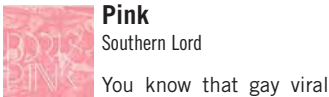
Barbara Morgenstern 7



## The Little Killers 9



<b>Boris</b>	<b>10</b>
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**SMALL SINS**  
Small Sins \$10.99

★★

**VINYL ANNEX NOW OPEN!  
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STORE ALLEY ENTRNACE**







Mario Brothers theme on two guitars, with his Asian mafia dye-job wiggling above his totally concentrated face? Yeah, if that kid had cooler older brothers that smoked lots of grass, they'd probably write music like Boris. *Pink*, the band's billionth album, is sludgy psych-metal to the max. It's all stoned-out slow jams and batshit rave-ups and it basically proves that if Americans can do it, Japanese people can do it better. Take that, Henry Ford! ROQMAK

#### Major Stars 5

**Syntoptikon**  
Important

If you've got a lineup that includes three guitarists and you're comin' at me with words like "massive riffage" and "extra heaviness," I'm comin' back at you like Robert Stack fighting off the religious nuts at the airport in *Airplane!* Having a singer whose lyrics can actually be heard intelligibly—or a bassist whose instrument is compressed until it evaporates up into a trivia question—precludes any kind of "heaviness" you might possibly dream to hope to wish you had. DAVID COTNER

#### The Jury 8

**I Hate the Future**  
Gloom

This past year has churned out some of the most hateful hardcore bands in recent memory. Why are the kids so pissed off? There are plenty of good TV shows on all the time and lots of stuff you can buy to make you feel happy. Theoretically, every band should sound like NKOTB, but this is more like someone being tortured with surgical tools in

#### WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: CEX

a moving car. Obviously something's fucked up somewhere, but thinking about it too hard makes me want to shit my pants. Kind of like this seven-inch does. FEMALE PRISONER #701

#### Defcon 4 8.5

**File Under Fuck**

Blackbox Recordings

I never understood music reviews that allude to violence between other bands, like "This sounds like the Melvins and Loretta Lynn got into a knife fight out in a metal scrapyard, and then Skynyrd showed up to referee!" What? That would just sound like people saying "ow," and then some guys from Skynyrd being confused and calling the cops. That said, this record sounds like Black Flag and Born Against (yes, seriously). They aren't fighting though, they are just good bands who the guys in Defcon 4 probs like a lot. JIM RICE

#### Cult of Luna 1

**Somewhere Along the Highway**  
Earache

If I were training for a nap-a-thon, this would be great workout music. Unfortunately, there is no such thing. Seriously, I looked into it. ARTIE PHILIE

#### Don Caballero 9

**World Class Listening Problem**  
Relapse

Holy shit is this a good Don Cab album. It does the muted intricate stuff so smoothly and the heavy stuff so, so heavily. And before you think we've started heading down that

whole Church of Latter Day Buzzcocks road, let me clarify: This is not a pretty good album for guys who're hitting their late 40s and weren't on speaking terms for the past five years, or an okay album by a band I used to love and now feel like I owe it to them to call their mediocre new record great. This could have come out right between *Singles Breaking Up* and *American Don* and nobody would have bat an eye. ANDY POTEKIN

#### Mission of Burma 8

**The Obliterati**  
Matador

City slogans are fun for people who are too lazy to actually travel much. "The city that never sleeps." Cool, I like drugs too, I'm there. "City of brotherly love." Hmm, I'm straight, I'll skip it. I've got a new one for Boston (did they ever have one?): "Yeah, we can wait." The Sox, the Big Dig, Mission of Burma. Vs. ruled, then nothing happened forever, then that last one ruled even harder and now this one makes every current band of twenty-somethings look like total 'mos, and makes the rest of the world wish Boston could put an ounce of urgency into something once in a while. STEVE THE CAT

#### Golden Smog 0

**Another Fine Day**  
Lost Highway

This is a raucous, drunken roots-rock side-project started by Chris Mars from the Replacements and one of the guys from Geraldine Fibbers back in the early 90s. Interested? Fantastic! Just to let you know, its lineup now consists of Jeff Tweedy, the shitty

guy from Big Star, and the guitarist from Soul Asylum, and they do shmaltzy Rundgren-sounding crap over half-assed slide guitar. Enjoy! BARTON SWISH

#### Saviours 7

**Crucifire**  
Level Plane

Pole-vaulting over the skyscraper of overdone gayness that is the "evil" layout and "satanic" lyrics, this is a pretty good jam. Riff-heavy metal through and through, maybe not quite as solid as the EP, but it's growing on me. Oh, and also, there is now a moratorium on band photos taken in the woods. Sorry. I don't care if your band is made up of trees, you need to take them somewhere else. JACK JOHNSON

#### V/A 2

**Release the Bats: A Birthday Party Tribute**  
Three One G

There was a time in my life when Three One G was my favorite label on earth. Justin Pearson could have taken a shit in a box and if it said Swing Kids on the front I would have bought it. So when I saw that one of my favorite labels of yesteryear had released a tribute to one of my favorite bands ever, my expectations were high, to say the least. However, with the exception of six minutes (Melt Banana, Cattle Decapitation), this is audio diarrhea. This is what the Birthday Party would have sounded like if they were an unoriginal, post-hardcore band from San Diego, and Nick Cave only sang in that annoying Antioch Arrow/Blood Brothers voice. Yeah, I know, that's the same face I made. CRIMSON CURSE

**NOVILLERO**  
AIM RIGHT FOR THE HOLES IN THEIR LIVES CD  
ALL MUSIC GUIDE: "Embracing power pop harmonies, sunshine pop horn arrangements, and Krautrock-inspired synths, this near-perfect debut is most firmly aligned with fellow Vancouver pop dynamos and labelmates the New Pornographer, sharing their knack for whip-smart melodies and ingratiating choruses. www.novillero.net"

**YOUNG AND SEXY**  
PANIC WHEN YOU FIND IT CD  
SPIN.COM: "drippingly sarcastic and hopelessly danceable"  
TIME: "...a technically superb, 60s-influenced pop-rock album. The result is an album that sounds unified and pleasant, but that you could still offer to your piano teacher as proof that not all pop musicians are talentless hacks." www.youngandsexy.org

**the Organ**  
Grab that Gun CD/LP  
NME: "The Organ are a band well worthy of your devotion... Shiver me timbers if we don't have on our hands a vessel that's riding the crest of a (new) wave" www.theorgan.ca

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## HOT CHIP THE WARNING



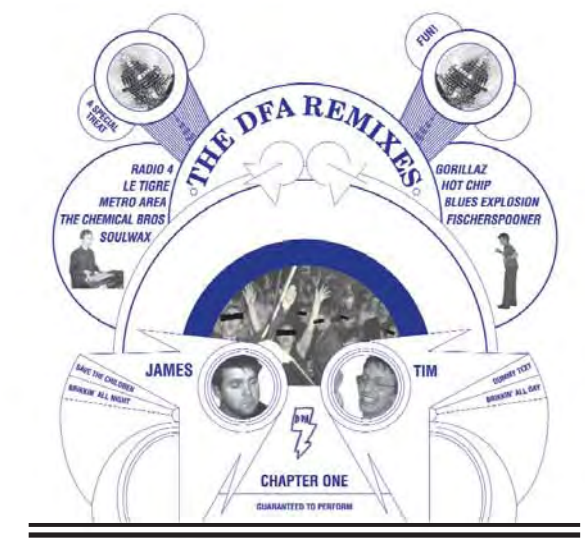
The highly anticipated new album from Hot Chip. Clever, catchy, and classic.

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CHAPTER TWO COMING SOON







BEST COVER OF THE MONTH:  
LADYHAWK

FreshKills 8.5



**Creeps and Lovers**  
Arclight  
Hours of practice, a dedication to songwriting, and a sizeable recording budget. These are all things that are less important to making a good record than having a cool older brother—someone to break your Collective Soul tapes over your stupid head, as the older brothers of the FreshKills clearly did, and say “Hey you stupid idiot, here is Drive Like Jehu, Jesus Lizard, and Nation of Ulysses. Now quit being such a herb.”  
EGGPLANT MCTACOTOE



Regina Spektor 10



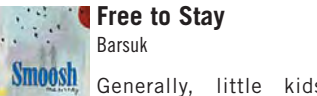
**Begin to Hope**  
Sire  
I recently told a music-snob friend that I was a Regina Spektor fan and he snorted, “Oh, so do you like Tori Amos now, too?” I didn’t say anything—I’m kinda slow with comebacks—but then I thought, well, *should* I give Tori Amos a shot? Does she, like Regina Spektor, sound like a smart and funny magical fairy who can do really pretty, really weird tricks with her voice? Cuz then bring ‘er on! But then I thought, nah, Tori’s no sassy Russian Jewess, and I bet she never sang happy/sad songs with lyrics about cigarette brand loyalty or about listening to “November Rain.” So never mind her, it’s just me + Regina = True Love 4ever. PS: This album is totally gorgeous, obvs.  
MEG SNEED

Phoenix 7



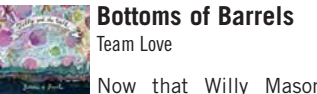
**It's Never Been Like That**  
Astralwerks  
I was all excited when I got this CD; listening to these guys usually makes me dance around like a white, hipster Carlton. But then my friend goes, “You know they’re French, right?” and I immediately snapped off the stereo and folded my arms all pissed off, thinking, “Well, that’s just great. There’s one more thing I can’t like out of spite for the French.” I mean, it’s a shitty situation cuz the band’s really good, but fuck ‘em. Those are the rules, man. No one forced them to be from the worst place ever invented.  
CL SMOOTH

Smoosh 8



**Free to Stay**  
Barsuk  
Generally, little kids don’t have bands, because little kids have stupid thoughts and totally sub-par musical skills. But not Smoosh. Their second record is basically about as jubilant as fucking possible. The sad thing is this: An album written by two girls that haven’t even gotten their periods yet is better than anything Barsuk has ever put out. Ever.  
ROQMAK

Tilly & the Wall 8



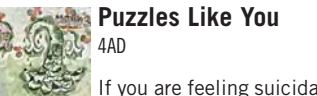
**Bottoms of Barrels**  
Team Love  
Now that Willy Mason has gone through puberty, Tilly & the Wall are officially the cutest band on Team Love.  
COMMANDER PENIS

Grizzly Bear 7.5



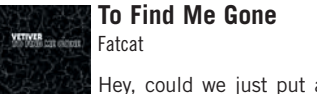
**Sorry for the Delay**  
Audraglint  
Okay, these are some pretty good lo-fi downer jams, and the droning cover of “Owner of a Lonely Heart” with the twenty over-layered vocals is worth at least half the price of admission, but, Christ, can we not make it to a second album before breaking out the demos and the remixes and the limited edition double picture discs please? I know “times have changed” and parents no longer beat their kids into being so anal that they stutter, but is that really so much worse than this whole throwing all your shit at the wall and seeing what sticks methodology?  
GABBY BUNGLER

Mojave 3 2



**Puzzles Like You**  
4AD  
If you are feeling suicidal but are squeamish about blood or you don’t know how to tie a noose or you are just not that creative, you should consider listening to this record. It just might bore you to death—which I’ve heard is similar to drowning or carbon monoxide poisoning. You kind of just float off into oblivion, feeling voidy and numb. Try it, it’s nice.  
MR. PAWS

Vetiver 0



**To Find Me Gone**  
Fatcat  
Hey, could we just put a big gray square where the text for this fucker is supposed to go? I don’t think words are going to cut it.  
THELTON BLOW’R

Josephine Foster 10



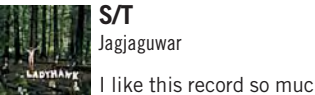
**A Wolf In Sheep's Clothing**  
Locust  
Foster goes for *brach* and follows her previous Locust album, *Hazel Eyes, I Will Lead You*, with this album of “anarchic reconstructions of 19th-century German art songs”—by Schubert, Schumann, and Goethe, to be slightly more precise. Along the way, there are guitars both acoustic and fuzzed, anomalous radiowaves, and tender words in German that you may not understand but that you can feel like fog in your hands. The overall effect is that of watching spring water poured across a glass table curl up into itself and slowly vanish.  
DAVID COTNER

Psapp 3



**The Only Thing I Ever Wanted**  
Domino  
Wait a minute, I know this! This band does the theme song for *Grey's Anatomy*, my current guilty pleasure. Initially I was ashamed for loving that show so much because I thought it was for girls, but then one night I confessed to this girl that I was into it and she was totally stoked. It’s weird like that. Sometimes you can actually seem more attractive to a girl after saying you cry from TV, like, “Hey, I guess we’re not so different after all.”  
CL SMOOTH

Ladyhawk 10



**S/T**  
Jagjaguwar  
I like this record so much I’m actually kind of left

WE GOT A LOT ON LOCK.

clothing, books, videos, music  
and of course, the dj + producer gear



lines we carry  
10 deep  
lrg  
cut & sew  
no mas  
triumvir 3  
undrcrwn  
mishka  
hello minor  
manifest  
reason  
stacks  
quiet life  
2K  
urban arts  
syndrome  
fresco  
fresh jive  
soul rebel  
stereo  
& more...



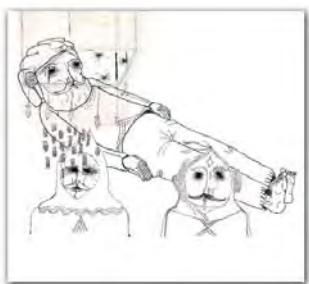
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speechless. Plus their live show is  
even better, and live shows are  
impossible and stupid to talk about.  
So, uh, yeah, stuff like that. Best  
new band/record of the year so far in  
my book.

**CHAIRMAN MEOW**



**Zach Hill and Mick Barr** **8**



**Shred Earthship**  
5RC

This entire 77-minute CD  
of insanity sounds like  
the scene in *Back to the Future* when  
Michael J. Fox rips into that wanky  
guitar solo at the end of "Johnny B.  
Goode" and the whole audience  
looks at him like he's from Mars—  
except if that was happening not in  
the 50s, but like, right now. Wow!  
**MARTY MCPANTS**

**Scott Walker** **3**



**The Drift**  
4AD

Wow, I really just cannot  
stand this guy's voice.  
Never been able to. He sounds like  
my annoying tone-deaf uncle  
singing "Monster Mash," all trying  
to do that creepy Dracula voice but  
just sounding like a big dork.  
However, this album does get points  
for being the most bizarre bit of  
nonsense I've encountered in quite  
some time. From what I can glean,  
this fancypants crooner of yore has  
made an album entirely about the  
Middle Ages, some mining town in  
the Balkans, and psoriasis. In the  
first song, he tunelessly moans the  
lyrics, "Cossacks are charging in the  
fields of white roses/ That's a nice

**WORST COVER OF THE MONTH:**  
**CEX**

suit/ That's a swanky suit." I dunno  
what he's babbling about, but I  
think we just discovered the new  
mayor of WTF?  
**LOW EXPECTATIONS**

**First Nation** **10**

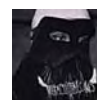


**S/T**  
Paw Tracks

Kinda like if some  
haunted young orphan  
girls who were raised by an evil  
gnome in an enchanted castle and  
who have flowing ebony locks and  
saucer eyes and are wearing ripped  
white nightgowns in a graveyard  
during a thunderstorm at midnight  
came leaping out of the pages of a  
V.C. Andrews novel and landed  
smack onstage in the middle of an  
Animal Collective show. How's that  
for imagery?

**CRYSTAL DRAGON**

**Metallic Falcons** **7**



**Desert Doughnuts**  
VoodooEROS

Ooh, the release date for  
this album is 6/6/06.  
Nice one! This is Sierra from  
CocoRosie's side project, and I  
actually like it better than her main  
project, because I was goth in high  
school and this reminds me of all  
the 4AD bands I used to love, like  
This Mortal Coil and His Name Is  
Alive. It's making me feel super nos-  
talgic for my favorite old long black  
skirt. It was two layers of see-  
through black gauzy stuff, and it  
was a static-cling nightmare but I  
still loved it. I wonder if it's still in  
my old closet back home. I bet it is.  
My mom's crazy and doesn't throw  
anything out, ever. Seriously, we're  
talking closets full of paper bags  
and bottles of penicillin from 1982.  
**KELLY AMNER**

**Sonic Youth** **10**



**Rather Ripped**  
Geffen

Best part of a new Sonic  
Youth review? OLD  
jokes! Saw a live show recently  
where the craziest "noise" was  
Lee's rumbling pacemaker, which  
Kim and Thurston rigged with  
effects pedals and got so overly  
excited about they had to be sedat-  
ed! (Har-har!) Then there was fif-  
teen minutes of silence in the  
middle that everyone thought was a  
John Cage tribute, but turned out to  
be naptime for the band! (Zing!)  
Technically there's no reason you  
shouldn't be able to record twelve  
angular, jagged, fuzzy songs at Sear  
Sound studios and put them on a  
good, catchy, rockin' LP at their  
age... but, technically there's no  
reason you shouldn't be able to  
wear a thong over your Depends  
either. (Bah-dump!)  
**NELLA KRAM**

**Charalambides** **8**



**A Vintage Burden**  
Kranky

Two years after the *Joy*  
*Shapes* album, this new  
one finds duo Christina and Tom  
Carter ass-down in the governor's  
office of the 53rd State of Weird  
America. Slightly out-of-phase  
female harmonies remain, as do  
the meditative guitar stylings. A  
harmonious oasis in a sea of  
demeaning distractions, this  
album is the aural equivalent of  
those softcore MET-ART photos  
sprinkled across free porn sites:  
Pretty to look at and save for when  
you get all tired of speculums and  
dry anal.  
**DAVID COTNER**



**THIS STATEMENT IS ART ITSELF**  
**AS SURE AS YOU HAVE NO TALENT**  
**YOUR KIDS WILL HAVE NO TALENT**  
**AND THEIR KIDS WILL BEGIN TO**  
**DISAVOW THEIR CAUCASIAN ANCESTRY**  
**BY TELLING THE PEOPLE THEY MEET**  
**THAT THEY'RE PUERTO RICAN** 🐭



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TRAFFIC



# Krazy Kops K cartoons by Johnny Ryan





CONTINUED FROM PG. 85 (RIDING IN CARS WITH BOYS)

consciousness, sort of like, “Her man! Her man does this all the time! How did her man know? My cousin was—what? Officer, it was with my cousin! We have to—officer, they took it! 120 West 94th is a drug building!” Jones is telling her to calm down: “Just give me a description and tell me which way they went.” She says, “Three of them was tall and one of them was...” and she points at Jones, “Um, the way you are” (meaning short). This amuses us. She says they went north and about four undercover guys who have joined us sprint north. Then she says they circled around the block and went south.

It’s becoming evident that she knows the perps and she knows where they went, but she’s hoping to avoid giving up that information. We go to the cousin’s apartment in the projects around the corner. The undercover guys go upstairs and we wait outside (up against the building because people often throw shit at cops from their windows—they call it “air mail”). Our perps aren’t here. They’re long gone.

**8:32** The cousin shows up. Her name is Maria. Maria keeps repeating, “Shaniq, you got to call your mama.”

**8:40** We’re back at the station. The two girls are being questioned separately and their stories reek. Here’s what we know for sure: Shaniq runs into her cousin Maria, whom she has not seen in a very long time. Shaniq shows Maria \$5,000 in her purse and they go smoke pot under the stairs in the lobby of some project. (How about the fact that you can include pot smoking in your complaint and not get in shit for it?) While there, they are robbed. Shaniq then calls the cops—stoned as fuck.

There’s nothing else for us to do now but play Columbo while we wait at the house. It’s pretty fun. While Maria was being questioned we got to ask Shaniq some questions and vice versa. We weren’t supposed to, but could you resist? During our questioning some problems pop up. Maria says they hit Shaniq with their gun. Shaniq didn’t see a gun. How did the perps know they were there? Where’d you get the \$5,000?

Shaniq said the money was for her college education. Actually, she said it was “intuition money,” which is something she could use, if it existed.

Whenever Maria is confronted with a question that she can’t answer she looks shocked, fakes a crying fit (though no actual moisture ever leaves her eyes), and repeats, “I was so scared.” It’s one thing that cops have to deal with liars constantly, but these two are the worst liars in the history of crime.

**9:13** Maria calls over to Jones, “Officer? Can you go get me a

tissue please?” He goes to the bathroom and gets her a paper towel and hands it to her, saying, “That’s all we got.” She asks him for a cigarette. He says he doesn’t smoke. Ten minutes later, this bitch has the nerve to call over Jones again, point to one of the female Narcs who is doing some paperwork across the room, and say, “Officer, I KNOW she smokes because I seen her smoke before. Will you ask her for a cigarette for me please?” Can you believe this shit? Can we go back to *Serpico* days, please? Smack her. But nope—he politely declines to get her a smoke and then he walks away.

Anyway, we came up with a pretty airtight theory of what exactly these two geniuses were up to, but there’s no room here. Suffice it to say, when we went up to the cops to give them our brilliant take, they told us what the detective had told them: “It’s simple. We’re going to call the mother. If she didn’t give nobody no \$5,000 like Maria said she did, someone’s going to jail.” Oh. **10:12** Four crackheads in handcuffs are brought in and lined up next to us. Two men and two women. One of them pushes us aside and starts puking in the garbage can. It’s pretty awesome. Then she pisses her pants. Even better!

The other crackheads are as placid as a calm lake. Have you ever done crack? There’s this weird part where you get so high and edgy, you actually plateau and become tranquil. That’s where they are: Sitting on top of crack mountain.

**10:22** Rodriguez comes out from the back room. “It looks like we’re going to be dealing with this for the rest of the night,” he says. “You guys may as well go home.”

We ask if they’re going to get a chance to eat. Jones comes over and says, “Nope. I’ll end up eating the chicken tonight when I get home at 3 AM. I’ll probably pick up some McDonald’s on the way, too.” Then he grabs his gut and shakes it before adding, “That’s why I’m so fucking fat.”

Like a butterfly that flaps its wings in China and causes a tornado in Texas, a dumb bitch stole some nail polish and fucked it up for the rest of us.

**10:23** We leave the station and walk up to Perp Pizza. They’re closing up. We ask the guy if he knows that his pizzeria is called Perp instead of Mama’s and he smiles and says, “Yes, we have very good food. We used to be on 96th. We have pasta and lasagna, too. Very good.”

GAVIN MCINNES & JESSE PEARSON

*A super long, intimate-detail version of this will be posted on viceland.com. If you think we didn't change all the cops' and suspects' names, you're nuts.*

CONTINUED FROM PG. 89 (PINK PATROL)

blood dripping through the ceiling. We go upstairs and there is this huge fat guy with his head in a pail filled with vomit. He’s decomposing. There are flies everywhere—crawling in the blood and leaving all these tiny red dots on his pillows, sheets, and lampshade. The guy has full-on rigor mortis and his mouth and the crack of his ass are filled with maggots. My partner at the time was a rookie. He can’t deal with it, so I tell him to go look around the house. I open the bathroom door and this scared and hungry cat just barrels out, tears through my legs, and runs down the stairs. I scream like a girl and my partner comes running in to check on me and we have a little laugh. I go downstairs to look for cat food, find one of those huge five-pound jugs and dump it all on the floor.

We finish the call and the dispatcher says, “Head for your meal.” The rookie couldn’t eat. He was like a squeamish girl. I just

washed my hands and grabbed some pizza. Some cops use Vick’s Vapo-Rub under their nose, but I’m tough enough to deal with it.

I’m not completely out of the closet in my precinct. Some people I’ve told; some people found out.

I want to get to the point where I’m fully out, so if someone says something I can speak up and feel justified. But I also don’t want to be the gay guy in the room who people are looking for when someone tells a gay joke. I want to be able to defend the lifestyle as someone who is not stereotypical. Nine times out of ten, the gay people representing us are flaming. We need masculine people to represent us.

For now, I’m taking it one step at a time. My boyfriend has no health benefits, so we’re planning on applying to be domestic partners. Wish me luck!

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